The Orchestra

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

No. 62, VOL. III. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864. (Stamped) 4d. (Unstamped) 3d.

NOTICE.—"THE ORCHESTRA" is published, for the Proprietors, every FRIDAY at TWO O'CLOCK, by ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C.

"THE ORCHESTRA" for GERMANY and EASTERN EUROPE.—Mr. LUDWIG DENICKE, of LEIPZIG, begs to announce that he has made arrangements for a weekly supply of "THE ORCHESTRA." The subscription will be 1½ thaler for three months; 3 thalers for six months; and 6 for twelve. Issued at Leipzig on Thursday.

Orders to be sent direct to LUDWIG DENICKE, Leipzig, Germany.

*** German Advertisements for "THE ORCHESTRA" also received by LUDWIG DENICKE, as above.

NOTICE.—TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—All ADVERTISEMENTS for "THE ORCHESTRA" must be sent not later that 4 o'clock on THURSDAY, to

ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C. or to 55, King-street, Regent-street, W.

MISS JULIA ELTON will Sing in "Elijah," at Cambridge, on December 7th; Southampton, 13th; Weymouth, 15th; Edinburgh, 31st, and January 2nd; Hamilton, 3rd; Edinburgh ("Messiah"), 4th. All letters respecting engagements to be addressed 45, BURTON CRESCENT, W.C.

MRS. DAUNCEY-MASKELL will give Dramatic Recitals at Dunfermline, 2nd December; City Hall, Glasgow, 3rd; Kilwinning, 8th; Coatbridge, 12th; Glasgow, 9th January. Can accept engagements in North of England for February.—4, WOODLAND PLACE, HIGHGATE ROAD, N.W.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will Sing at Glasgow, Nov. 26th; Crosshouse (near Kilmarnock), Dec. 2nd; Glasgow, 3rd, 9th (St. Paul's), and 10th; Newcastle, 12th; Shields, 13th; Worcester, 15th; Shields, 26th; Newcastle, 27th. Address, 115, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, Bloomsbury.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will Sing this day Nov. 24th, at Canterbury; 28th, Leicester; 29th, Walworth; 30th, Whittington Hall; Dec. 1st, Croydon; 6th, Albion Hall; 31st, Saturday Concerts, Aberdeen; Jan. 2nd, New Year Festival, Aberdeen; 6th, Saturday Concerts, Aberdeen; March 6th, Maidstone; 15th, Faversham, and can accept engagements *en route*.—2, CRESCENT-PLACE, Burton-Crescent, W.C.

MADAME ELWOOD ANDREA (Contralto) has returned to town for the season.

Letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, or Pupils to be addressed to 12, BEAUFOY TERRACE, MAIDA VALE, W.

MISS KATE GORDON (Pianiste) will leave [to]n for Scotland the beginning of January, and will be happy to accept engagements *en route*. Address, 82, St. GEORGE'S-ROAD, Warwick-square, Belgravia.

MIS ELIZA HUGHES (Soprano) begs to an[nou]nce that she has returned to town for the winter season. All app[lica]tions for Oratorios, Opera di Camera, Concerts, &c., to be a[dd]ressed to 35, BAKER-STREET, Portman-square, W.

MR MEREST (late Maria B. Hawes), Con[tra]lto.—All applications for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, to be a[dd]ressed to 7, ADELPHI TERRACE, Strand.

MIS AUSTIN (Contralto). All Letters respecting engagements or Pupils to be addressed, care of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MADAME WINTER (PIANISTE), begs that all communications referring to Concert Engagements or to Pupils, may be addressed to her, 49, CARLTON ROAD, Maida Vale, or at Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will Sing at Glasgow, December 3rd; Falkirk, 8th; Glasgow, 9th; (St. Paul) Glasgow, 10th; Leeds, 14th; Worcester, 15th; Croydon, 20th; Bristol, 23rd; Manchester, 24th; Bristol, 26th. Address:—FERN VILLA, FOREST HILL, S.E.

SIGNOR MARCHESI. Communications for Oratorios and Concerts, in Town and Country, to be addressed at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MASTER PAPE performs at all the Monday Concerts at the FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER, during the present year. For engagements address, as usual, 9, Soho-square.

MR. J. G. PATEY begs to announce that his present engagement will terminate on Dec. 3rd. All communications respecting Oratorios and Concerts to be addressed to him, ADELPHI CHAMBERS, 7, John-street, Strand.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will Sing the "Elijah," at Glasgow, on the 23rd; the "Messiah," at Greenock, on the 24th; Glasgow, 26th; "The Bride of Dunkerron," at Liverpool, on 29th; Warwick, 30th; Manchester, Dec. 1st; Glasgow, 3rd; Falkirk, 8th; Glasgow (St. Paul), on 9th and 10th; Croydon, 20th; Bristol, 23rd and 26th.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS begs to announce that he has removed from Torrington Street, and requests that all letters be addressed to his new residence: 6, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington.

MR. JOHN RHODES gives Lessons as usual in town on Saturdays: Pianoforte, Singing, and Harmony. Address, Mr. JOHN RHODES, CROYDON, S.

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Arrangements for the week: On Monday and Every Evening during the week, at Seven o'clock, "YOU KNOW WHO." On Monday, Dec. 5th, Wednesday 7th, and Friday 9th, at Eight o'clock, "LA SONNAMBULA."—Elvino, Mr. Swift; Amina, Miss Susan Galton (her first appearance.) On Tuesday 6th, Thursday 8th, and Saturday 10th, at Eight o'clock, "FAUST."—Margarita, Miss Louisa Pyne; Faust, Mr. Swift and Mr. Sims Reeves.

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MR. CHAS. ADAMS.—It is respectfully announced that all communications respecting engagements for Mr. CHARLES ADAMS should henceforth be addressed to Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, Acting Manager, Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.

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MUSICAL UNION INSTITUTE.—The LIBRARY will be OPENED for the Use and Loan of its Contents in DECEMBER, on the return from the Continent of the Director, J. ELLA.

Paris, November 20.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Seventh Season, 1865.—The following is the SCHEME for 1865:—Conversazione at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, January 25th. Four Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evenings, March 29th, May 3rd, June 7th and 28th. Two Orchestral Trials of New Compositions, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday Evenings, February 15th and November 22nd (1855). The use of the Society's Library: open on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 to 4. Conductor of the Orchestra, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Annual Subscription, payable in advance, One Guinea. Reserved Seats, for the Series of Concerts, 10s. 6d. each extra. Tickets are now ready for delivery at Messrs. Cramer & Co. (limited), 201, Regent-street, where every information relative to the admission of new members may be obtained. CHARLES SALAMAN, Honorary Secretary, 36, Baker-street, Portman-square, W.

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MESSRS. PUTTICK and SIMPSON will sell by Auction at their House, 47, Leicester Square, on Saturday, December 3rd, a Collection of Music by foreign composers, Vocal and Instrumental, Operas and Oratorios in score, instrumental works of the great composers, &c.; also Musical Instruments,—numerous Pianofortes, including several capital modern instruments—Violins and Violoncellos, by Italian makers, Bows, Cases, Flutes, Guitars, &c. Mahogany Bookcase, &c. Catalogues on application.

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Chap. V. The opinion of Counsel.
" VI. Half Confidences.
" VII. King Founds a Feast.
" VIII. Mrs. Pickling's Carriage Stops the Way.
Hand and Glove. A Novelette by L. H. F. du Terreaux.
Chap. IX. Shaken Foundations.
" X. Outside the Bar.
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Podger .....(*a Ploughboy*)..... 1st Tenor.
The Rev. Milkie Weigh (*his Curate*) Mild Tenor.
Wilkins, Q.C. .....(*his Solicitor*)....a. Robust Tenor.
Jones, M.D. (*his Medical Adviser*) 1st Baritone.
Measter Arry Oggins (*his Employer*) 2nd Baritone.
Mewlinwillinwodd { (*a Mountain Party*) } Very Deep Basso.
The Bishop ...(*of the Diocese*) { Basso, but enfeebled with age.
Rhododendron { (*otherwise Miss Oggins*) } 1st soprano.
Samuelina ....(*a dairymaid*)... 2nd soprano.
Pale-Pink Prunella { (*a Gipsy, of course*) } Contralto
A Cow .... Mezzo-soprano.
Chorus of Farm-labourers, Villagers, and Yokels.
Chorus of Sunday-school children.
Chorus of Cocks and Hens.
&c. &c. &c.

SCENE.—A rural district with a mountain somewhere about.

PERIOD.—Last season.

PROLOGICAL TABLEAU.

[*In the middle of the Overture the music suddenly stops, and the stalls settle down in their places. Curtain rises and discloses Measter Arry Oggins asleep before his native kitchen fire. A Mysterious Figure opens the door, looks in, winks, and disappears, banging the door. Measter Oggins starts up.*

CHORUS (*in the back pantry*).

Curst be the chap who the door sudden slammed!
Curst he who jammed! May he be——

[*Curtain. Overture resumes.*]

ACT I.

SOMEBODY'S PASTURE-FIELD, WITH DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY. A NICE OPEN KIND OF COUNTRY, WITH HEDGE-ROWS, HAYCOCKS, AND A PERVADING AIR OF INNOCENCE AND RIMMEL'S VAPORISER. STILE, L.U.E. MEANDERING RIVULET, O.P. TIME, ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES PAST FOUR A.M., ON A MAY MORNING.

[*Enter R. 2. E., the Cow. Pastoral music with piccolo accompaniment, indicative of somebody having forgotten to take home the Cow on the preceding night. Arpeggio, to express that the Cow is rather damp in consequence. Trombones, signifying that the Cow is lowing. Ophecleide, signifying that the Cow is low. Music more picco-low than ever. Enter the* REV. MILKIE WEIGH.]

No. 1. BALLAD.—CONTENTMENT.

REV. M. W. Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many Cows I see!
How very thankful I should feel
That they do not toss me!
Not more than others I deserve,
Yet somehow I have more;
For I have boots and shoes while Cows
Have only horns to gore!
Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Nor brass knobs furnish head and brains,
Despite a sinner's rage.
Cross words and angry names require
To be chastised at school:
Then oh how grateful I should be
That I am not a fool!

It is early morn. How many of my poorest subjects are still waiting to be put into my next sermon! I think I will go home and have some tea; for the morning is damp, and my habitual sore throat is accelerated by the very Dews—Oh dear! that sounded like profane language; but I didn't mean it. I never do mean it. This is a Cow. I shouldn't like to be a Cow—especially a Bull; to be out all night in the fields and eat hay. I often fancy human beings are superior to Bulls. I shouldn't like to live in Basan. But I may as well go home and wash.

RECITATIVE.

Thank you, pretty Cow, that made
Pleasant milk to——
COW. Moo-hooh!

[*Exit* REV. M. W. *hurriedly.*]

No. 2. CHORUS WITHOUT (OF CARTERS GOING TO MARKET.)

Ahr—gee—ahr—wey!
Hi—hawr—hurr—hey!
Gurr, Dobbin!—gurr Joe!
Wayur—weeyur—woor—woa!

[*The sun begins to throw a red lime-light on the stage, and the Cow retires up to meet it. Music expressive of farm servants being called. A good effect may be obtained by having a cock secreted in the orchestra, and inducing him, if possible, to crow at this situation. N.B. It is necessary to obtain a cock who will crow on the smallest provocation. Enter* SAMUELINA *to look for the Cow.*]

SAMUELINA (*giving vent to the reflections peculiar to people in her station in life*). How fair the sunlight sleeps upon that bank! Ah well, they may talk of the gilded pageantry of court and alley, but the humble peasant maiden finds a richer charm in the innocent stickleback that carols in her native streams.

No. 3. BALLAD.—"MY NATIVE STREAMS."

Oh tell me not of towers
Where courtly gallants rove,
Nor yet of brighter bowers
Than in our rustic grove.
Nor don't go for to speak
Of Love's entrancing dreams,
Because all that is weak:
I love my native streams.
Ah yes!
Of course!
I love my native streams.

Oh don't endeavour please
In such to pick a fault,
Don't talk of broader seas,
And Tidman's native salt.
I know a fragrant tide
At Blackfriars Bridge there gleams;
But, if convenient, I'd
Prefer my native streams.
Ah yes!
Rather.
I love my native streams.

But where is that Cow? She invariably makes off when her services are in request. [*Runs up stage: chord*]. Good gracious, there goes another hoop of my crinoline! That's the third this morning.

No. 4. ARIA.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my strongest hoops decay;
I never come to fetch that Cow-er,
But something's certain to give way!

And Dr. Jones, my master, will be late with his breakfast again, and no milk. Who'd keep the Dairy of a late Physician?

[*Exit over stile. Sun rises more and more.*

Enter MEWLINWILLINWODD *from the mountains. He is dressed in antique bed-curtains, and is bearded from the eyes downwards; he carries the roller of a window-blind, and has slight curvature of the spine.*]

MEWL. (*Addressing nobody in particular.*) Hah! Well, well. For more than forty years I have not known sheets. And yet I was once honoured—loved—trusted—Ay, you may smile (*nobody is smiling—nobody being in the neighbourhood*); but I repeat, I was respected in the parish. I slept then; but no matter—no matter. There is peace on the mountain-top; and though the apex is occasionally sharp to sit upon, and one is apt to slip, still it is better than to lie on thorns with the proudest. Let them who have driven me forth court their downy couch; *I* cultivate my own downiness, and am satisfied. Yes, I love my native hills.

No. 5. SONG.—"MY NATIVE HILLS."

I love the sea
I love the sky;
I'm rather fond
Of pigeon pie,
I don't like tripe
Or Cockle's Pills,
But—yes—I love
My native hills.
My hills
My na-a-a-
My na-a-a-ay-
-Tive hills.

When tempests roar
Across the——

[*Enter Pale-Pink Prunella* L.]

Oh hang it, you know, I haven't finished my song!

P. P. P. I know it, and nothing but my cue should bring me on at this moment, but for circumstances over which ——

MEWL. Ha! You have no control?

P. P. P. None.

MEWL. Oh, speak—speak!

P. P. P. Our tribe is in danger; the Bishop has arrived; and Measter Oggins has sworn to sow his turnips before night. Need I say more?

MEWL. Certainly not; it's not in the part.

P. P. P. At the risk of my reputation, which, were I not a vagrant who has been up several times before, would stand high, I have flown here to warn you. Fly, before it is too late.

MEWL. The old man thanks thee. He *will* fly.

[*He does. N.B. The great effect of the act is to be got out of him flying.*]

P. P. P. I am alone, and may as well explain the plot, as time is getting on, and a series of complications is shortly expected. More than forty years ago, that old man, whose conduct throughout has been exemplary, though occasionally perfidious, was convicted of setting fire to his mother-in-law, and simultaneously poisoning a Sunday-school. He was cut in society in consequence. Foiled in his attempts to get asked out, he took to the mountains, where he has since lived in humble but discontented obscurity. But a worm is ever in the closet, a skeleton in the fruit. *There was a witness to his deed* though the chief suspicion has rested on Rhododendron, a maiden of seventeen Februaries. The Bishop of the diocese saw him do it, though for reasons, arising from his foster-sister having married the cousin of Farmer Oggins's dairymaid's doctor, he dare not speak. How sad it is that crime should stain our native fields.

No. 6. SONG.—"OUR NATIVE FIELDS."

There's bliss for the rover,
Wherever he is;
When dangers are over
He enters but——

[*Tries to get an appropriate rhyme to "is." Fails. Thinks of "quiz" and "phiz," but rejects them as vulgar. Suggests "riz," which is American and equally bad. Begins again.*]

There's bliss for the rover,
Wherever he is;
When dangers are over
He flies to the——

[*Is still bothered. Hopes by re-commencing that it may come this time.*]

There's bliss for the rover,
Wherever——

PROMPTOR (*without*). Oh, come, come!

[*Bell tinkles. Curtain.*]

*** NOTE.—By a slight inadvertence the librettists perceive that they have not introduced the tenor and soprano in this act. They can only apologise, and assure composers and the public generally that the omission shan't occur again.

ACT II.

ARRY OGGINS'S APPY OMESTEAD. BARNS AND HAYRICKS AT THE WINGS; PIGSTIES AT THE ENTRANCES; AND PIGS DISPOSED ABOUT THE STAGE PICTURESQELY. EGGS L.U.E. OGLING THE SOWS, WHO LOOK SOWER. LITTLE PIGGIES, R.C. LEARNING TO DANCE THE POLKA. AWFUL BOARS, O.P. ONE OF THE PIGS IN AN AFTER-DINNER STATE SIPPING HIS SWINE. ANOTHER DRESSING FOR DINNER, BRUSHING HIS HAIR AND PUTTING ON HIS STY. MUSIC—"THE WHOLE HOG OR NONE."

[*Enter* FARMER OGGINS, SAMUELINA, *and chorus of labourers sowing their wild oats. N.B. A very pretty English effect is to be obtained from this bit of pastorality.*]

No. 7.—CHORUS.

Come out, it's not September,
But that's not here nor there;
And aught about the harvest-moon
We neither know nor care.
The parsley decks the cold beef,
The hollyhocks are tall,
But the noble mangel-wurzel
Is monarch of them all.

FAR. Well done, merry hearts, and now, your day's labour being over, you will find the accustomed bacon and buttermilk in the hayloft. Eat your frugal meal, and then go seek the repose of humble industry—on the straw. But where are my ploughboy and the prop of my declining years? Where are Podger and my daughter?

CHORUS. (*with wonderful unanimity*). We left them together in the potato-field sharing their honest toil.

FAR. What, Rhododendron digging potatoes? That is *infra dig.*

[*Enter* PODGER *and* RHODODENDRON.

RHOD. Papa, I think it right to inform you, as a person interested in my future, that I have just plighted my heart's affection to the noble youth at my side, and that we propose together to carry on the farm, as soon as you have followed the course of natural laws by turning out for the purpose. Will you have the kindness to bless the union?

CHORUS. It is a just request.

FAR. However painful it may be to a parent's feelings to refuse compliance, a parent's heart can only reply that he'll see you blowed first.

CHORUS. It is a proper answer.

POD. Then you reject me?

CHORUS. Ah, you reject him?

FAR. I do.

CHORUS. He does.

No. 8. CONCERTED PIECE.

POD. Oh, wherefore persist in disunion?
RHOD. Oh, why can't we live in communion?
CHORUS. Oh, yes, if you please,
We all on our knees
Implore you to smile on the union.
FAR. Away!
P. R. & C. Nay, nay!
FAR. I say—
P. R. & C. Eh?
FAR. I say
A-
Way!

RHOD. Under these circumstances nothing remains but to thwart your wishes and unite ourselves by special license at once.

FAR. Ha! am I defied? Be it so: my revenge shall be speedy. Seize that malefactor! (*pointing to* PODGER.)

POD. How—what—which?

FAR. Seize him. I arrest him in the name of the—

RHOD. Lor!

FAR. Quite so. Five years ago, while sleeping in my back kitchen—my custom always of an afternoon—I was wakened by the slamming of a door. I woke—to find myself robbed—robbed of eighteenpence and a Pocket Warbler. At the same instant my eyes caught sight of a form which rapidly disappeared down the avenue. There was something in that form, though its coat-tails were all I beheld, which has haunted me for years. THOU art the man!

POD. I? 'Tis false.

FAR. No it ain't. Search him. [*They search him.*] So—one and threepence and half a turnip; the proof is conclusive. The remainder of the money he has of course spent. Away with him!

CHORUS. Alas, the miserable one!

RHOD. No, no—oh, hear me—hear him—hear—hear!

CHORUS. Oh, oh! Question!

POD. Nay, dearest, I can bear it. I rather like it than otherwise. Weep not.

RHOD. Excuse me, I would rather, if convenient. [*Weeps.*]

CHORUS. We will all weep. [*All weep.*]

FAR. Away with him. To the jail!

PALE-PINK PRUNELLA (*appearing from a hog-trough*). Ha ha! it works—ha ha!

No. 9.—CHORUS.

Away, away, to the County Jail,
Where the haughty foes shall blench and quail;
Where the fetters roar and the bludgeons ring,
And the jovial convicts howl and sing;
Where the sapling oak and the pale maroon
Dance sarabands to the harvest moon;
And Ali Ben and the Isles of Greece
Revere the hats of the City police;
Where dark Kamptulicons shoot small birds,
And graves are laid in Consecutive Thirds,
And all is murky with India ale—
Away, away, to the County Jail.

[*Thunder, lightning, and curtain.*

ACT III.

THE COUNTY JAIL, FRONT GROVES. A BENCH L, STRAW R. LIGHTS DOWN; DITTO THE SPIRITS OF THE CONDEMNED.

[PODGER *discovered on the bench, engaged in salutary but tedious prison-husbandry.*]

No. 10.—THE CONVICT'S CAROL.

PODGER. Oakum to me, my love,
They've set me to do—
Oakum to me, my love
Boo—oo—oo—ooh!

[*Sheds a few tears, but mops them up again, as contrary to prison regulations.*

Enter the REV. MILKIE WEIGH.]

REV. M. W. Unhappy young man, I think it right to inform you that I can hold out no hope of a commutation of your sentence. The Home Office has been memorialised in the matter, but as the evidence of your guilt was incomplete, the authorities see no reason to interfere with the course of the law, which never did run smooth. Under these circumstances I would urge you to confess—especially if you didn't do it.

PODGER. Which I didn't.

REV. M. W. So much the worse; as in the former case I should have esteemed it a privilege to convert you.

PODGER. But my Legal Protection?

REV. W. M. Might have succeeded in establishing your innocence, but that a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* in your favour has set everybody obstinately against you.

PODGER. Well I'm—

REV. M. W. Not at all; don't mention it.

[*Chord. Enter* RHODODENDRON *and* WILKINS, Q. C., *hurriedly.*]

RHOD. Saved—saved! Here is the full restitution—behold the missing eighteenpence twice told; three shillings in all. I have also bought a *Musical Monthly* to atone for the lost Pocket Warbler.

REV. M. W. Then he is free!

WILKINS. He is. The exigencies of British Common Law being complied with, I have filed the necessary *non sequitur*, obtained a decree nisi *fieri facias*, issued a writ *ad captandum avisandum cum multis aliis et ora pro nobis*, and now bear the *flotsam et jetsam* attainder under Vic. 22 and 23, Cap. XIV. § 54 and costs. He is therefore at liberty.

SOMEBODY OUTSIDE. Hold!

[*Enter* MEWLINWILLINWOOD, PALE-PINK PRUNELLA, FARMER OGGINS, SAMUELINA, *and thirty-five bystanders as chorus.*]

PALE P. P. (*pointing to* RHOD.) I accuse that girl as being guilty of theft, assault, battery, misdemeanour, felony, murder, and contempt of court.

CHORUS. Your proofs!

PALE P. P. By the aid of money she has released her lover. How did she obtain that money? She arrived here in a cab—a Hansom cab—Number Three Seven Nought Four. She was driven here by a cabman. Ha!—but listen.

No. 11. ARIA, RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

They drove in beauty side by side,
For on the box was she;
They never spared the ostler's hide,
But licked him thunderinglee.
She had no money when she left,
That I'm prepared to vow,
And yet she's purchased his release—
WHERE IS THAT CABMAN NOW?

CHORUS. Oh horror (tum, tum!)
POD. I'm choked with sorrer!
FAR. My only daughter
Has been and committed manslaughter
(tiddy-iddy-ido!)
REV. M. W. Birds in their little nests agree—
P. P. P. And so they do, but so can't she.
'Tis strange what awful crimes we fish up.
RHOD. 'Tis all a cram—
CHORUS. Nix! here's the Bishop!

[ENTER THE BISHOP, Q.E.D.]

No. 12. BALLAD, COMPOSED BY BISHOP.

BISHOP. Over the See, over the See,
Jolly episcopal functions have we;
Fiddle de dee, fiddle de dee,
False doctrine and schism are wrong.

REV. M. W. Far be it from me, my lord, to dictate to your reverend lordship and my Metropolitan——

BISHOP. I'm not your Metropolitan; none of your Underground insinuations.

REV. M. W. I stand corrected. Will you, however, kindly adjudicate on the difficulty before us? As the county magistrates are all at luncheon and the Lord Chief Justice is not very well, perhaps you will undertake to decide.

BISHOP. Certainly. Six months. Remove the prisoner.

CHORUS. It is a noble judgment.

SOMEBODY ELSE OUTSIDE. Hold again!

Enter JONES, M. D.

JONES. The prisoner accused of the murder of 3704 is innocent. The man died of palingenesis of the avuncular conventicles. Here is the certificate.

CHORUS. It is perfectly formal.

BISHOP. In that case remove the medical man.

RHOD. Oh joy! my innocence is fully established. Please remark oh joy, will you?

CHORUS. Certainly. Oh joy!

FARMER. And now that all is settled——

BISHOP. Stop. There is something wrong some-

where. Who (*indicating* MEWLINWILLINWODD) is that party?

CHORUS. Nobody knows,

MEW. I tremble.

P. P. P. Courage, or we are lost.

BISHOP. There is something in that face which reminds me—Is it?—but no—and yet—(*Music.*) Ha! I have it; yes, the death of my foster-sister's cousin, who married Farmer Oggin's dairymaid's doctor, leaves me at liberty to speak; and I now denounce thee, Mewlinwillinwodd, as the murderer of thy mother-in-law, and the poisoner of my Sunday-school.

MEW. Ha, discovered—destruction! But thou shalt never live to repeat thy accusations. Thou hast courted thy fate: thou shalt meet it!

[*Draws a bill at three months, which the* REV. M. W. *withdraws and takes up.*]

REV. M. W. Saved, saved! I have saved my Bishop's life!

BISHOP. In exchange for which I will present you with a living. Meanwhile, search that criminal.

[*They search him.*]

WILKINS. Ha, this is conclusive. In his watch-pocket is a forged check ——

BISHOP. On a bank?

WILKINS. No; for the pit of the "Streets of London."

BISHOP. Enough; away with him to the deepest dungeon of the moat!

MEWL. Stay! Unhappy man, dost thou not recognise me?

BISHOP. Eh—what—can it be? That left eyebrow is like, but then—and yet it is—you are my Uncle Joseph!

MEWL. I am.

JONES. (*Indicating* SAMUELINA.) Then this must be my long-lost sister?

MEWL. It is indeed.

WILKINS. Whom I am entitled to marry under my father's will, and confer the property on Prunella.

MEWL. Certainly.

FAR. Oh, how I have wronged these noble hearts! But, I relent—bless you, my Bishop.

MEWL. And now, if the present company have no objection, I should like to retire up my mountain and throw myself down a chasm.

CHORUS. Don't let us detain you.

MEWL. I won't. Good bye.

BISHOP. Before you go, I should like to hold a tea-meeting. (*To* REV. M. W.) Just call in the children.

[*Enter the Sunday School X. Y. Z. Then enter teachers with tea-pots and buns; the children range themselves and look longingly on the buns.* BISHOP *presides and delivers an address, after which the children produce a limited number of well-thumbed books, and sing something, This is a most effective scene, being purely pastoral.*]

FINALE.—CHORUS, "OUR NATIVE TEA."

Oh, joyous fun,
To eat the bun,
And drink the mild Bohea;
Let dogs delight
In wine that's light,
Give us our native tea.

[*Enter the* COW, *with whom pairs off the* REV. MILKIE WEIGH. *The remaining characters select their partners,* MEWLINWILLINWODD *taking his new-found nephew the* BISHOP, *and the* FARMER *the whole Sunday School; and in this order they go through a set of quadrilles, never waiting for the sides. Inconstant, blue fire, and drop.*]

[ADVT.] The number of patients relieved at the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, 67, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was 109 during the week.

Letters from the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M. A., Mus Doc., Oxon., and other clergy and gentry, testifying to the marvellous effects of "Clark's Neuralgic Tincture," in Neuralgia, Tic-doloureux, Face and Tooth Ache, Ague, Nervous Head Ache, Brow Ague, Nervous Debility, etc., may be had of the proprietor, W. W. CLARK, M.P.S., Dorking, Surrey. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.—[ADVT.]

Provincial.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

MANCHESTER.

DEC. 1st.

The fifth of Mr. Charles Hallé's grand concerts took place at the FREE TRADE HALL, on Thursday, the 24th ult. Mdlle. Sinico, being the vocalist. The following was the program:—

Overture, "The Alchymist," (first time) ..... *Spohr*
Air, "Se'l ver mi dice il cor," *(Fidelio)* ..... *Beethoven*
Mdlle. Sinico.
Concertstück, in F, Op. 79 ..... *Weber*
Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé.
Air, "Ah, fors' è lui," *(Traviata)* ..... *Verdi*
Mdlle. Sinico.
Grand Symphony, in A major, Op. 92 ..... *Beethoven*
Overture, *(Mirella)* (second time) ..... *Gounod*
Air, "Saper vorreste," *(Ballo in Maschera)* ..... *Verdi*
Mdlle. Sinico.
"Musette," from *Mirella* (first time) ..... *Gounod*
Solo. Andante in D flat, Op. 34, and Study in A minor, Op. 36 ..... *Thalberg*
Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé.
Spanish Song, "Juanita" ..... *Yradier*
Mdlle. Sinico.
Overture, "L'Italiana in Algeria," (first time) ..... *Rossini*

Beethoven's symphony, No.7, in A major, was the important orchestral performance of the evening. The first movement *poco sostenuto* followed by the *vivace* in 6-8 time, which was given with the marked accent it requires, leads us to the remarkable *allegretto* alternating between A minor and major. How artistically the subject of sixteen bars is introduced, commencing with the tenors and basses, then the 2nd violins steal in, then the 1st violins, then *tutti*, but all piano. Thus the movement marches on and on—one listens with bated breath, captive to its magic strain. To genius belongs the power of creation, and in this *allegretto* we have perfect originality. The *scherzo-presto* was in admirable contrast—the light tripping of elves and sprites, while the final *allegra* served to show how much may be made of a short subject which has little but boisterous gaiety to recommend it. The execution of this great symphony demonstrated to what a high pitch of perfection the orchestra is attaining, and reflects the highest credit upon Mr Charles Hallé and his associates. The "*Concertstück*" of Weber is a favourite pianoforte concerto, familiar to all pianists and the majority of concert-goers. Mr. Hallé's execution of it gave quite the idea of a composer reciting one of his own productions. Imagine Charles Dickens reading one of his own works, and the comparison is perfect. The orchesta portion of the Concerto was well given, and had the advantage of being conducted by Mr. C. A. Seymour, who evidently knew all the points and was able to bring them out with precision. We would instance the March—in which the band is predominant—which was beautifully played. In the program was an extract from Weber's biography, in which the four movements are made to depict a love story, in which the warrior lover absent in the Holy Land is fondly dreamed of by his lady love. Hark! a march is heard; he returns with the victorious army, and courage is rewarded by true love. The enjoyment of the music is much enhanced by being able to comprehend the feelings which actuated its composer. In the second part Mr. Hallé gave two extracts from Thalberg. The pastoral overture "*Mirella*" was given for the second time, contrasting well with Spohr's overture "*The Alchymist*," which, we think, would also bear repetition. The Musette from "*Mirella*" is quite a rural picture, exquisitely played on the oboe by Mr. Lavigne. It was accompanied on the clarinet by Mr. Giosse and his coadjutor, with, we think, one violoncello and double bass as a foundation. An *encore* was the result. We hope to hear it again during the season. Mdlle. Sinico sang the song of "*Marcellina*" from "*Fidelio*" in an unaffected, pleasing style. She has a pure clear soprano voice, and a good manner of delivering it. The audience seemed to take her in favour at once, greatly applauding her songs and encoring three of them. The second Choral Concert will be given on Thursday next. The program includes Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants," the prominent feature being Gounod's "Grand Mass of St. Cecilia," the solos by Miss Banks, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. L. Thomas.——The seventh of the Monday Evening Concerts, at the FREE TRADE HALL, attracted the largest audience of the season. Mr. Banks' chorus of forty voices will soon become celebrated. The delicate manner in which they sang the Jubilate in "Hark, the Vesper hymn," and the energy and precision imparted to the choral glee, "Strike the lyre," deserve the greatest praise. A Mrs. Campbell Black appeared for the first and last time. Either the lady mistook her own abilities, or the directors were deceived as to her powers—whatever the cause, a more lamentable failure never was witnessed. Master Willie Pape, the youthful pianist, was highly successful. He played Beethoven's sonata with the "Funeral march," Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and "Last rose of summer," winning encores and loud applause. He will appear again at the eighth concert on Monday next.——At the PRINCE'S THEATRE Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford are in their second week, and continue to draw large audiences. As *Caleb Plummer* in the "*Cricket on the Hearth*" Toole is producing great effects, and the part is quite the talk among the lovers of theatricals. It is delightful to witness an impersonation of such first-rate excellence, yet so true to nature, it seems "to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." The pieces given during this engagement have been "*See 'em at a Glance*," "*Domestic Economy*," "*Ici on Parle Francais*;" and this week, "*Dot; or, the Cricket on the Hearth*," followed by the "*Area Belle*."——At the QUEEN'S THEATRE "*Belphegor*" has been added to the great variety of pieces mentioned in our last. Business still good.

LIVERPOOL.

DEC. 1ST.

The following is the program of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Eleventh Subscription Concert, which was given on Tesday evening:—

"The Bride of Dunkerron," a Lyrical Tradition. The Words by *Frederick Enoch*. The Music by *Henry Smart*. Conducted by the Composer.
Overture, "Don Giovanni" ..... *Mozart*
Scena, "Robert toi que j'aime." *(Robert le Diable)* .. *Meyerbeer*
Madame Rudersdorff.
Solo Pianoforte, Rondo in E flat ..... *Mendelssohn*
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Madame Arabella Goddard.
Song, "Like a cloudless summer morning," *(Der Vampyr)* *Marschner*
Mr. W. H. Cummings.
Trio, "This magic wove scarf," *(Mountain Sylph)* .. *Barnett*
Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.
Solo Pianoforte, Fantasia on Airs from *Lucrezi Borgia*..*Thalberg*
Madame Arabella Goddard.
Song, "I'm a roamer," *(Son and Stranger)* ..... *Mendelssohn*
Mr. Lewis Thomas.
Gipsey Song, "Hither, hither, pretty maiden," *(The Rival Beauties)* ..... *Randegger*
Madame Rudersdorff.
Overture, "Dom'no Noir" ..... *Auber*
Conductor - Mr. J. Zeugheer Herrmann.

An amateur concert was given last Saturday evening in the theatre, at the Liverpool College, and was very fairly attended. Mr. R. W. Crowe, Mus. Bac., gave on the organ a solo from Mozart, as also the overture, "*La Gazza Ladra*," very efficiently. The trio, "Turn on old Time," and the duet, "Zuleik and Hassan," were creditably given by the amateurs, and the choruses were moderately successful. Mr. R. W. Crowe conducted, and Mr. R. Pendlebury accompanied on the organ.——The QUEEN'S OPERETTA HOUSE is drawing but scanty audiences, and the pieces being nearly all revivals, we have nothing to notice save the production of the musical farce, "*The Waterman*." —— Mr. Sothern, who has been fulfilling a long engagement at the PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, met with a somewhat startling reception on Friday night last. The performance was for his benefit, the pieces selected being "*Used up*," and "*The Little Treasure*." The demand for reserved seats was "enormous," and Mr. Henderson (the lessee), or his representative, proving unequal to withstand the temptation of five shillings per chair, in an evil moment extended the previously small pit-stalls to about four times their usual dimensions, sacrificing the pit proper to an alarming extent. Something of the same kind had been done in the gallery, where there seems also to have been more than the ordinary number of gallery-stalls. These alterations appear to have exasperated the populace. The pit, after quietly abiding in one of Admiral Fitzroy's prophesied storms for half-an-hour, rushed in with eager expectation of good places, only to be met, however, by an uncompromising rail, about six feet from the door. This was unbearable, and consequently a dismissal howl arose, which, with occasional shuntings into yells and shrieks, continued until half-past seven, when the curtain was to rise. Meanwhile *la noblesse* calmly asserted its five-shilling right in the usurped kingdom. At the conclusion of the overture, not a note of which had been heard, the stage manager came forward (and a very imposing gentleman he was) with the apparent object of cowing the people by the loftiness of his bearing; but, somehow it didn't do, and the gentleman retired amidst a hailstorm of yells. Hereupon the curtain was rung—or say rather shrieked—up, and "*Used up*" commenced. It was, however, nothing more than a pantomime; the only intelligible words being an occasional more-than-usually stentorian "Where's the pit?" or, "the gallery—what have you done with it?" amidst an incessant

dia of smaller voices. At this point Miss Lydia Thompson, who was in the cast, stepped on the stage, and instantly there was a loud diversion in her favour, and the pit and gallery momentarily forgot their wrongs. This, however, lasted only for a few seconds, and the row then became so intolerable that the actors had positively to cease speaking. Mr. Henderson then appeared in *propria persona*, and with difficulty got a hearing. Anybody who was discontented, he explained, should have his money returned—(shrieks)—he hadn't deviated from his usual course except in a degree — (yells) — something else inaudible — (groans). It was no use, and at last Mr. Henderson retired, and the piece proceeded as far as Mr. Sothern's cue, when Mr. Sothern himself appeared, and at this point the row about reached its climax. Finding it impossible to continue the playing, Mr. Sothern stepped to the front and in a most judicious manner succeeded, though with some difficulty, in quieting the people, assuring them that their protest against the invasion of the pit should certainly be remembered both by Mr. Henderson and himself; promising, in fact, that such an alteration should not again occur, and, as an atonement, he announced his intention to hand the proceeds of the pit for that evening to the local charities. This final announcement, of course, silenced the discontented, and at a quarter past eight the performance was permitted to proceed. Mr. Sothern concluded his engagement with Mr. Henderson on Saturday last. He returns in three weeks, when Mr. Watts Philips' new drama, "*The Woman in Mauve*," will be produced. This arrangement has been made to test the piece prior to its production in London, Mr. Sothern having considerable faith in the verdict of a Liverpool audience. At present the two Webbs, in Shakespeare's "*Comedy of Errors*," and Miss Lydia Thompson, are playing at the Prince of Wales'.——At the AMPHITHEATRE a Mrs. Macready is playing with considerable success. The tragedy of "*Marie de Méranie*," which has been revised and arranged for her, and in which she has *débuté*, is founded upon an incident in early French history, and, as historical plays go, is a tolerable approximation, except at the close, to what is recorded really to have happened. In the first act we rather indistinctly learn through the medium of one *De Fontaine* (Mr. E. Fletcher)—the arch-conspirator in the play—that the King of France—the same Philippe Auguste whose squabbles with Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land brought ruin upon the cause of the Crusaders—has just married the Princess Ingerburge, daughter of the King of Denmark, but that happiness has not attended the royal nuptials. So it immediately after appears; for there is a pretty little squabble between the royal pair, and in a subsequent soliloquy the king discloses his secret passion for *Marie de Méranie*, the daughter of the Duke of Dalmatia. The next scene introduces us to *Marie*, who, sequestered at her father's country seat, has heard nothing of the royal marriage, and, in the fulness of her loving faith, repels all the doubts which her handmaiden, *Anne de Vignolles* (Miss Rignold) expresses lest the king, from whom no tidings have long been received should prove false. Close upon a protestation of unbounded confidence in her royal lover's faith comes a messenger with the news that he has wedded another. The mode in which Mrs. Macready represented *Marie* as receiving this unwelcome and unexpected intelligence, her pride leading her to stifle in the presence of a witness the emotion which manifestly agitates her frame, was very effective and natural. The *dramatis personæ* having been thus introduced, the plot proceeds more quicky in the second act. The breach between the king and queen has widened, and *Philip* obtains from a council of ecclesiastics—quite a *spectacle* in its way—a divorce from *Ingerburge*. He flies to *Marie* and offers her his hand, but she at first rejects him though in forbearing terms, and tells him to "think not one woman's heart triumphs at another's fall." At length, however, his earnest pleading is successful, and *Marie* throws herself into his arms with the *abandon* of her fervent love. The two are married, but the divorced *Ingerburge* appeals to the Pope, who, having pronounced the divorce invalid, threatens to place the kingdom under an interdict unless *Philip* consents to receive back his former wife. He defies the Pope, but at the instance of *Marie*, who is in fear for her lord's safety, the matter is submitted to a council. The king, however, worked upon by the crafty *De Fontaine*, and to baffle the assumed supremacy of the Pope, anticipates the decision of the council, and announces his intention to take back the *Princess Ingerburge* as his wife. He then seeks *Marie*, informs her of what he has done, and endeavours to reconcile her to the position by avowing that he loves only her. She, however, indignantly refuses to become his paramour, and bids him farewell. Later on, by a great victory, *Philip* is supposed to have overcome all opposition to those who opposed his union with *Marie*, and he at once seeks her out, but only to find her at the point of death, and she expires in his arms. There were several fine passages between *Marie* and the king, especially in the latter acts, and to these Mrs. Macready did full justice. Of the other actors in the piece we have only space to notice Mr. Cowper, who played the part of *Philip* very well, and generally the leading characters were well supported. The language of the piece is well chosen, and occasionally rises into poetry. Mrs. Macready's engagement extends over twelve nights

BIRKENHEAD—Mr. H. N. Warner is still drawing very good houses at the THEATRE ROYAL, with his impersonations of *Hamlet, Othello, Richard* and *The Stranger*. The farce "*Shocking Events*" has been played as an afterpiece throughout the week, and in which Messrs. Brough and Blakely amuse the audience by their eccentric performances.

BRISTOL.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—I was much surprised to read in your impression of last week the notice of our theatrical performances. Your correspondent says: "The '*Streets of Bristol*,' notwithstanding its great success (*sic* the playbills), is to be withdrawn this week. With such a miserably indifferent company as we have at present the management would be fully justified in playing nothing at all." Now, sir, any frequenter of this capital place of amusement will tell you that the "*Streets of Bristol*" has been a decided success, and has drawn such crowded houses as are only too seldom seen in provincial theatres. The piece moreover would have "run" till Christmas without difficulty; the only reason for its TEMPORARY withdrawal being an engagement with Madame Celeste, who is to appear here for a fortnight in "*The Woman in Red*," and other of her popular impersonations. I, sir, have seen the "*Streets of London*" as performed at the Princess's Theatre, and feel perfectly justified in stating that our local scenes were in all instances equal to those which are proving so attractive in the metropolis. With regard to the company, our manager (Mr. J. H. Chute) has this season, as he ever does, provided us with as good a company as one could desire; the principal character in the "*Streets of Bristol*" being performed by Mr. Arthur Stirling, of whom your journal has frequently spoken in the highest terms; other characters of importance being filled by Mr. Tosbroke, who has been a favourite here for at least ten years, and Mrs. Robertson, than whom a more admirable representative of the pie-vendor's philanthrophic wife could not be found. The song, of which your correspondent speaks as being "vulgar and pointless," has been nightly encored; to sum the whole matter up in a few words, I cannot look upon your correspondent's notice in any other light than that of a scurrilous, ill-natured attack upon our much respected manager, and as such incorrect statements are much calculated to injure the reputation of your valuable journal in this city, I trust you will kindly insert this. I subjoin my name and address, and am, sir, yours obediently, TRUTH.

Bristol, Nov. 29.

HULL.

Nov. 30th.

In my notice last week of the British Operatic Association, your printer made a slight mistake in the number of the chorus, instead of *six* basses he should have read, "basses *nil*." On Wednesday last "*Martha*" was performed, and on Thursday "*La Sonnambula*," Madame Tonnelier giving a fair representation of *Amina*, with the exception of occasionally singing out of tune, and to her praise be it spoken, really condescending to sing (not, "Lo here the gentle lark") but positively Bellini's finale to the opera. Miss Annie Leng as *Lisa* sang very sweetly. Mr. W. Parkinson as *Elvino* played and sang with great taste, receiving a well merited encore for the aria "Still so gently o'er me stealing." Mr. C. Durrand, made a very gentlemanly Count, singing very artistically, his mellow voice telling with great effect in the cavatina "As I view." On Friday, Wallace's "*Lurline*." Mdme. Tonnelier's *Lurline* is certainly the best part we have yet seen her in; her singing of the aria "Take this Cup" was excellent, ensuring for it a tremendous encore. Miss Annie Leng sang the music of the contralto part with much good taste, receiving an encore for the "Troubadour enchanting." Mr. W. Parkinson made an excellent *Rudolph*, Mr. C. Durrand as the *Sea-King* took his audience by surprise with his artistic singing and acting. On Saturday the company finished their fortnight's engagement with the "*Crown Diamonds*." On each evening a favourite burlesque has been given as an afterpiece, well supported by Mrs. Manly, Messrs. Manly, Bentley, Tempest, and others. The business, since the alteration of the prices, has been very good. He would again advise Mr. Cooper, if he wishes for success, to improve both his band and chorus, for as they are at present constituted they mar the effect produced by the excellent company of principals; his band as it is, may be said to consist of himself, violin, a pianoforte and contrabass, and Mr. Cooper in endeavouring to do too much on his own instrument, rasps away till he spoils the effect of his otherwise excellent playing. ——On Tuesday evening, Nov. 29th Mr. Bell, an amateur composer of the town, gave a concert at the Music Hall Jarrett-street, of his own compositions. The attendance was moderate. Mr. Bell was assisted by Miss Foreman (a pupil of Dr H. Deval's) and a party of amateurs. The compositions produced were light and sometimes pretty, but in no way evincing a very large amount of genius or theoretical knowledge.

DUBLIN.

Nov. 30TH.

The principal event since last communication has been our new Lord Lieutenant's first command night at the THEATRE ROYAL, which took place on Friday evening last, on which occasion, as might be expected, the theatre was literally crammed in all parts; indeed the orchestra was taken possession of by a number of "jammed" pitites, who preferred even a close proximity to the much-despised and much-wronged "fiddlers," to being "scrunched" into nothing by the tremendous crowd. The time announced for the arrival of His Excellency and Lady Wodehouse was half-past eight o'clock, but long before that hour the theatre presented a most brilliant appearance. Quoting from a good description: "The dress circle displayed an array of rank, beauty, and fashion, not surpassed by any that we remember to have seen on any similar occasion, and it would be hard to conceive a scene more strikingly attractive than that which the house exhibited. In front of the viceregal state box a pendant of rich morone velvet bore the armorial bearings of Baron Wodehouse, beautifully embroidered in gold, and at the upper centre of the front the royal arms were represented. The other arrangements of the state box were chaste and elegant. The exterior of the theatre, and the approaches to it, were crowded, and along the corridor one hundred men of the 49th Regiment were stationed, with their band, as a guard of honour. At a quarter past eight the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and other members of the family, arrived in his state chariot, accompanied by an escort of the metropolitan police. His lordship occupied the usual centre box immediately fronting the stage. At half-past eight precisely the viceregal equipages arrived in the court-yard amidst the cheering of the crowd, which was hearty and enthusiastic. On His Excellency and Lady Wodehouse alighting from the carriage, the troops presented arms and the band struck up the national anthem. The Lord and Lady Lieutenant were attended by Captain Willis, Captain Williams, Colonel Masters, Lieut. Cambell, Captain Everard, Dr. Hughes, Mr. H. Wodehouse (private secretary), Captain Arkwright, aide-de-camp; Captain Donaldson, aide-de-camp; Hon. H. Leeson, aide-de-camp; Mr. Howard, 11th Hussars; and the Hon. J. Scott, 60th Rifles. Their Excellencies were received by Mr. Harris, who conducted them to the state box, when they were greeted with an unanimous burst of cheers, perhaps never surpassed in the Royal. His Excellency and Lady Wodehouse repeatedly bowed their acknowledgments of the genuine Irish welcome which greeted them on what may be considered their first appearance in public. When silence was restored, "God save the Queen" was sung by the members of the company, assisted by a chorus. The solo parts were sung by Miss M. Wilmott and Mr. Fletcher Baker with excellent effect. The entire audience, as a matter of course, stood uncovered during the singing of the anthem, which was succeeded by "Patrick's Day," during the playing of which their Excellencies still remained standing, which was the cue for a renewed burst of cheering. The piece was Mr. Boucicault's immensely successful national drama of "*Arrah na Pogue*," now in its fourth week. It went with almost unusual effect, every point telling with the audience as on the first representation. Their Excellencies seemed to enjoy much the rich flashes of wit, as well as the exquisite pathos with which

the scenes abound. The Irish jig on the "Doore" afforded much amusement; the piper indulging in "The six mile bridge," which (as they say in Tipperary) would make a mummy dance. The inimitable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault could not fail to give sincere gratification to their Excellencies, and the "Dummardhu," so exquisitely sung by Mrs. Boucicault, was listened to with such breathless silence that (as we express ourselves here) "you might hear a pin dhrop." Altogether, it was one of the best representations yet of "*Arrah na Pogue;*" and report says that an official note of approval has been received by Mr. Harris, expressing in strong terms the great pleasure and satisfaction experienced by their Excellencies at the whole performance, as well as the entire arrangements of the evening.——At the Queen's Royal Theatre the Sisters Nelson still continue their engagement at this popular place of amusement, and attract good houses. The repetition of "*Ill Treated il Trovatore*" is a sign of success, as it continues still in the bills. Mr. C. Verner took his benefit on Friday evening last, when, notwithstanding the tremendous counter attraction of the "command" at the Royal, a large number of his friends and admirers gathered round him. In the course of the evening, in addition to the othor entertainments, Mr. Verner recited with admirable effect the very popular and deservedly famous poem of "Thamus O'Brien," by J. S. Lefanu, Esq.——The twenty-sixth, and we believe the last, concert of the Exhibition Choir, took place on last Friday evening. Program as follows:—

Overture, "Der Freischuts" ..... *Weber*
Trio, "Ti Prego" ..... *Cursham*
Madame Reville, Miss Cruise, and Mr. Topham.
Song, "The Soldiers' Dream," (by desire) ..... *Attwood*
Mr. Topham.
Ballad, "Eily Mavourneen," *(Lily of Killarney)* .... *Benedict*
Madame Reville.
Valse, "Sternlichte" ..... *Irene*
Song, "The Rhine Maiden" ..... *Smart*
Miss Cruise.
Duet, "The Sailor sighs" ..... *Balfe*
Madame Reville and Mr. Topham.
Grand Selection, "Rigoletto" ..... *Verdi*
Wedding March, "Midsummer Night's Dream" .. *Mendelssohn*
New Ballad, (M.S.), "La Doléance," (first time) .... *J. O'Rorke*
Mr. Topham.
Trio, "Vanne a Colei" ..... *Costa*
Madame Reville, Miss Cruise, and Mr. Topham.
New Vocal Waltz, "The Dance of the Fays" .... *John Dunne*
Madame Reville.
Mazurka, "Bon vivant" (by desire) ..... *Secat*
Ballad, "Ellen Asthore" .... *W. Murphy, Mus. Bac. T.C.D.*
Miss Cruise.
Galop, "L'Orage" ..... *Gung'l*
Accompanyist - Mr. O'Rorke.

Mr. O'Rorke's very pretty ballad, "La Doléance," was the only encore of the evening. It will shortly be published.

EDINBURGH.

Nov. 30th.

By far the finest concerts we have had for a long time were given here last week, by a touring *troupe*, of which Madame Grisi and Signor Mario were the chief attractions. The first of these took place on Wednesday evening, in the Music Hall, which was crowded in every part. The audience, a brilliant and fashionable one, accorded to the great performers a cordial reception. It is the opinion of those who knew Mdme. Grisi when she was still the unapproached queen of the opera, that her voice is perhaps a little thinner than in the days when she held "sovereign sway and masterdom" over the lyrical stage; but that in brilliancy and facility of execution, in that riot of ornament and yet perfect subordination and absence of effort which characterised her singing, she is as great as ever. Bellini's "*Qui la voce*" and Flotow's "*Sola vergin rosa*" were rendered with great brilliancy, and received with delight. Her rendering of Moore's "Minstrel Boy" however inspired as much pleasure and showed as much ability as any of the other performances. The abandon, the *verve* of this song, the impetuous spirit and movement of it, as well as the art, the perfect tune and intonation are so excellent as to make us believe that in rendering this song Grisi evinces as much discerning genius and executive ability as did Moore when he wrote it. Mario, though slightly hoarse, was delightful in Flotow's "*M'appari*," and in Hatton's "Good bye sweetheart, good bye," the latter a song which to any one who is at all critical in the words—the chief part after all—of a lyric, requires all his richness of voice and grace of execution to render tolerable. Mdme. Sainton-Dolby won the kindliest opinions by her sweet rendering of several ballads, the principal being the "Lady of the Lea" and "Auld Robin Gray," both sung as encores. On Saturday a morning concert was given by the same performers, before a crowded fashionable and appreciative audience. Grisi on her entrance was again greeted with a storm of applause. She sang with splendid effect the "*Air des Bijoux*" from "*Faust*," and gave as encore, "Home, sweet home." It is always pleasing to a mixed audience to hear the supremacy of the domestic affections avowed, but when the praises of the paternal "cottage" are sung by a *prima donna*, familiar in the courts of princes, and whose fame reaches over continents, the effect is greatly enhanced. One fault, and only one, can be found with Grisi's version of this melody; and that is that she loads it with ornament. The Italian *cadenza*, with which the great singer terminates it, is as incongruous in this song as pearls would be in the hair of a milkmaid. Mario sang "*Com è gentil*," assisted by an unseen chorus (Madame Grisi) delightfully. On the whole the concerts were eminently successful. From the fact that the large hall was crowded in all parts one might augur that artists of equal fame would always meet with an equally warm reception. We are certain that whatever endeavours are made by Mr. Wood to supply first-rate music will meet with encouragement.——The "*Streets of London*" still draws good houses to the Theatre Royal. A new actress is appearing on these boards, viz., Miss Erskine, not perhaps quite familiar, we should say, to the best English stages. She is painstaking and anxious, pleasing in appearance, and not without ability; though her accent, or rather intonation, might be much improved, and her singing requires training to make it as good as it ought to be. There are no other important matters to chronicle this week.

REVIEWS.

[Metzler & Co.]

1. "*I've seen my fate to-day.*" Song. Written by Henry Farnie. Composed by Geo. B. Allen.
2. "*Legend of the Nile.*" Song. Written and composed by the same.

No. 1 is the reverie of a young girl who keeps apart from "the dance and song" to brood over the fate she had met that day—in the shape of a lover of course. Mr. Allen has poetically used the mazurka rhythm in introducing his lady, and gives her a pretty episodical andante in common time, returning to the original subject with good effect, The song is graceful, and must please.

No. 2 is a semi-sacred effusion, introducing the well-known burden of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters—for thou shalt find it after many days." It is written in E—lies well and easily for the voice, and possesses throughout a placid, flowing character of melody which is very winning. We consider it the best song Mr. Allen ever wrote. The neat modulation into D natural major, and the return to the original key, are worthy of attention.

AMERICA.

New York, Oct. 24.—The Italian Opera at the present time enjoys a monopoly, for with the exception of an occasional performance at Irving Hall, and the afternoon rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society, it is the only entertainment of a musical nature in the city. It is not easy to account for this great falling off of concerts, unless upon the supposition that musicians have become entangled in the toils of politicians and contractors, and are too busily engaged in these new professions to care much about the "dear public" for whom they have so often catered; or perhaps the last draft was too strong fer them, and carried them off, voiceless conscripts.

Unaccountable as it may be, it is none the less a fact, that there was never so great a musical dearth as at the present time. Gottschalk, Sanderson, Castle, Campbell, Thomas D'Angri, and the whole host of concert artists, whose memory (and old concert bills) still linger around the quiet aisles of Irving Hall, are strangely quiet, and bid fair to remain so, from all that can be learned. It is true that Mdme. D'Angri and Castle and Campbell have been singing an occasional ballad at a series of "gift concerts," given by the Jewellers' Association, but aside from this their voices have not been heard.

Theo. Thomas's popular, but pecuniarily unprofitable, matinées, will not be resumed before January next. He intends giving a series of grand orchestral concerts at Irving Hall. Sanderson soon sails for Cuba, where he is a great favourite. Gottschalk, who is soon going to Mexico, is still visible, with an appendage, which the following letter, lately received by him, will explain:—

"Royal Palace of Madrid, 16th Sept., 1864.—Dear Sir,—Her Majesty, the Queen, has deigned to sign this morning a decree, by which you are made a Knight of the Most Noble Royal Order of Charles the Third. I will have the honour of remitting you very soon the insignia of your new dignity. Meanwhile I beg to say that I am really happy to be on this occasion the interpreter of her Majesty's flattering sentiments towards you. May God spare you many years! With respect, Your servant, His Excellency the Minister of State, Pachecho."

With this preliminary gossip, let me return to the doings of the Maretzek company since my last. The fact that the new artists had had but one rehearsal together, prior to their debut,—a most unfortunate circumstance for artists so little known to one another—resulted in great leniency in criticism; but the roughness and uncertainty consequent upon such a circumstance has completely worn off, and everything passes smoothly and with great satisfaction. Artists, like operas, require acquaintance, with which they may or may not improve. In the present instance the improvement has been very perceptible, and the success of the season placed above doubt. As yet the promise of novelties has not been fulfilled, and we have been listening to the strains of operas, that have become as familiar as household words. The carefulness and correctness of their erudition, however, has made them welcome, even if lacking the charm of freshness.

Since my last, Maretzek has given us Verdi's "*Ballo in Maschera*," with Carozzi-Zucchi, Massimiliani, Bellini, Brambilla, and the debut of Mdlle. Frida de Gebele as *Ulrica*. This new artist is a lady of great promise, possessing a powerful voice; some one has criticised her as "possessing a ponderous voice, and an insufficient command of it." The rôle of *Ulrica* is not favourable to a debutante, for it lacks any definite air or melody that an artist can use to advantage, and its grotesque "make-up" robs it of any personal charm. In a more congenial rôle Mdlle. de Gebele will undoubtedly form an acceptable artist.

"*Lucrezia Borgia*," with Zucchi, Morensi, Lotti, Susini, and Weinlich, was very finely rendered.

"*Faust*" introduced the favourite of last year, the charming Marguerite, Clara Lotise Kellogg, and although there was marked comparison between the artists of last year and this, in the rôles of *Faustus* and *Mephistopheles*—Mazzoleni as compared with Lotti, Hermanns with Susini—still the performance was very fine.

"*Poliuto*" has been the great success of the season, and will undoubtedly be repeated at an early day. Its cast embraces Zucchi, Massimiliani, Bellini, and Weinlich, and they all interpreted their respective rôles in the most satisfactory manner.

To-night we are to have "*Martha*," with Kellogg, Morensi, Lotti, and Susini; Tuesday "*Poliuto*;" Wednesday, "*Faust*;" Thursday "*Poliuto*," in Brooklyn; Friday, "*Don Giovanni*," and Saturday, a matinée. Next week "*Robert th Devil*" will be revived. The following (electione week the opera house will be closed, to be re) opened on the 10th November with "*Don Sebastian*," which will unite the attraction of the spectacular and lyric drama.

Verdi's "*Forza del Destino*" will be the next novelty; but "*Mirella*" will be postponed until after its production by the German troupe, the Italians waiting to be sure of its success before presenting it themselves. Maretzek will make strenuous efforts to make opera permanent in New York, as he is tired of roaming around the country in "wandering minstrel" style.

To the foregoing letter we append—presuming that our opera-going friends read French—the following from *Le Messager Franco-Americain*, published in New York:—

Academie de Musique.—Croira-t-on qu'à propos de ce titre: *Opera Italien*, à la représentation d'avanthier soir, à l'Académie de Musique, mon voisin de stalle, vieil abonné dont j'estime en ne peut plus et le jugement solide et l'excellente jumelle, me demanda tout d'un coup:—Monsieur, pourquoi cela s'appelle-t-il un opéra Italien?—Mais probablement, lui dis-je, parce qu'on y donne des opéras italiens.—"*Faust*," "*Don Sebastien*," "*Les Huguenots*," "*Le Prophète*," "*Fra Diavolo*," etc., sont-ce là vos opéras italiens?—Alors parce que ces opéras y sont chantés par des chanteurs italiens. Bah! écoutez ceci,—et tirant de sa poche la liste des artistes qui composent la troupe de Martezek:

Mdlle. Laura Harris, Américaine.
Morensi, "
F. de Gebele "
Van Zandt, "
De Motte, "
MM. Lotti, Allemand.
Weinlich, "
Müller, "
Reichart, "

—Ma foi, répondis-je à bout d'arguments, vous admettrez toujours qu'on y chante en Italien?

Mon vieil abonné se mit à rire en me montrant M. Weinlich qui chantait l'air d'entrée du 1er acte du "*Trovatore*," et nous en restâmes là.—*Dwight's Journal*.

NOTICE.

"ORCHESTRA" PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Proprietors of the "ORCHESTRA" intend offering a number of MONEY PRIZES for the best Musical Compositions, Vocal and Instrumental.

The Conditions of Competition, Amounts of Prizes, and Names of Adjudicators, with other particulars, will appear in the next number of this Journal.

201, Regent-street, Dec. 3rd, 1864.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOVER OF TRUTH. We have no reason to question our correspondent's opinion. *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

MEREDITH. We cannot undertake the individual defences of all the great unemployed.

S. (Wigan). A superfluous suggestion. You may be sure managers have thought of it long ago.

CORRESPONDENT. M. Danel lives at Brussels; but where we do not know. We will ascertain.

W. (Brussels). Send M. Danel's address in your next batch.

H. (Newcastle). Thanks; not needed.

F. S. C. sends a Christmas Carol. We are afraid we cannot honour F. S. C.'s production in a prominent part of our journal; but we extract a verse.

"Maidens kindling blushes tender
Unto those they once did shun,
Who around their wastes so slender
Twine an arm and share the fun.
There beside the blazing embers
Lighted faces smiling throng;
E'en the disunited members
Meet to sing the Christmas song."

We were aware on Byron's authority, that "alas our young affections run to *waste*;" and we have now adopted a new reading of the passage, which on the authority of F. S. C. refers to such "wastes" as the maidens of F. S. C.'s acquaintance appear to possess. But for our part we object to our disunited members meeting for vocal purposes: we prefer to have our members in their natural state. F. S. C. has done better, and if he unites his members and concentrates them, we dare say he will do better yet.

DONALD CAMERON (Armidale, New England, New South Wales) has forwarded us some eight verse compositions to get set to music. Mr. Cameron modestly asks us to "hand them to some of the eminent composers connected with the house of Messrs. Cramer," and adds that he will expect such remuneration as their circulation may warrant. We regret that Messrs. Balfe and Wallace are both engaged at present on operatic work; that the other eminent composers are not at home; and that all the remuneration we can offer Donald Cameron is a little publicity. Here is Donald's first offering to the eminent composers; it is entitled.

COME, LOVE, COME.

Come to the shade, love,
Of the aspen glade, love,
Where the willows weep, love,
Where the waters sleep, love,
Come, love, come.

Soft shall we kiss, love,
Sweet shall be bliss, love,
While we soft caress, love,
And we gently press, love,
Come, love, come.

"This," says Donald, "can be fitted waltz music easily." *Bien*, here is a chance for eminent composers of waltz-music to "fit." We will offer them one more from the selection; which, like the first, evinces Donald's affectionate nature towards the sex:—

Willie dances with his Mary,
Richard whirls around with Janey,
And I hold my Kaity's form
To my bosom beating warm.

This may be the practice in Australian society, but we fancy an English "Kaity" would object; as would the "Mary," who rhymes to "Janey."

TOO LATE.—Glasgow Report.

The Orchestra:

A REVIEW OF MUSIC & THE DRAMA.

All communications to the EDITOR to be addressed 201, Regent-street, London, W.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1864.

Miss Bateman will reappear in London on the 2nd of January at the Adelph Theatre.

The Monday Popular Concerts will recommence on Monday January 16th.

3,000l. is the almost fabulous sum paid for the English copyright of Meyerbeer's "*L'Africaine*."

Signor Arditi has been acting for some weeks past as one of the Royal Academy professors of vocal music.

Mr. Sothern netted upwards of £1700 by his five weeks' engagement at the Prince of Wales' theatre Liverpool.

Paque the violoncellist has recently made several successful appearances, of which the French papers eulogistically speak.

Messrs. Metzler have acquired Mr. F. Clay's operetta, to be done some time this winter at Covent Garden.

Mr. Benedict's sweet little work, "*The Bride of Song*," is put on at Covent Garden to-night (Saturday).

The French Minister of the Fine Arts has ordered a marble bust of Rossini for the new opera house at Paris.

It is reported that "*L'Africaine*" will be performed in February next; but the probability is it will not be done before the opening of the October season.

Owing to Master Pape's brilliant successes at the Free Trade Hall concerts, Manchester, last Monday, he is engaged for all the Monday Concerts during the season.

Signor Randegger is at length convalescent, and will resume work on his grand opera—the excessive study of which was the cause of his illness.

A Pianoforte and Musical Instrument Manufacturing Company is about to start on a very large scale. Their factories will be situated at Kentish Town, and operations will be begun forthwith.

"*Trovatore*," our readers will observe, is to be done in English at "the Garden" on Monday; and "*Sonnambula*" at Her Majesty's. *Vivat* English Opera.

"*Macbeth*" will be withdrawn from the Drury stage on the 17th inst. The two succeeding nights of representation (Monday and Tuesday week) will be devoted to "*Cymbeline*;" after which the theatre closes.

A foreign paper makes some reasonable remarks on the fact that, while two English operas are now open in London, Mr. Santley, one of the best of English singers, is allowed to seek an engagement in Spain.

Sophocles' "*Œdipus Rex*" was performed at Dresden, on the 22nd ultimo, with music by Franz Lachner. We have not yet received an account of the performance, nor are we yet aware in what language the play was performed.

Herr Tausig gave a pianoforte concert at Dresden on the 12th ult., at which he appeared alone, and sustained the whole evening's performance without any assistance. He succeeded in pleasing the audience.

The Covent Garden management promise their pantomime, "*Cinderella*," on a scale of magnificence considerably higher than even Wachtel's high C. We shall see. They have certainly a leg to stand upon. They have Donato.

Mr. Santley has arrived safely at Barcelona. In passing through Paris, the great baritone took the opportunity of hearing Maillart's "*Lara*" (to be done at Her Majesty's after the new year), but was not by any means impressed with the work.

Miss Virginia Gabriel is getting into the working track of the profession in all verity. She has arranged some Styrian melodies for orchestra, by way of incidental music to the new play at the Haymarket.

Gounod's "*Médecin malgré lui*," a three-act comic opera on Molière's play, has been condensed into one act, Englished by Mr. C. Kenny, and will be put in rehearsal immediately at Covent Garden. Messrs. Chappell are the publishers.

Mr. Howard Paul is at present in Paris, arranging for a series of representations of his entertainment, to be given early in the spring, at the little theatre on the Champs Elysées, known as the Folies Marigny, which was formerly the summer theatre of the Bouffes.

Mdlle. Patti played *Zerlina* in "*Don Giovanni*" last week, at the Imperial Italian Opera, and met with a most favourable reception. The French art-papers speak more complimentarily of her performance than usual, though *La France Musicale* still protests.

The opera at Madrid has been reopened with a most successful performance of "*Roberto*." Mdme. Penco (*Alice*), and Mdlle. Vitali (*Isabelle*), were most warmly received; and Messrs. Nicolini, (*Roberto*). and Selva (*Bertram*), played and sang excellently.

The statement that "*L'Africaine*" would be produced at Nuremberg next, after Paris, appears to have been without foundation. It is now reported that London is to have this honour: and that Naudin, Faure, and Pattu are engaged here for next season.

Mozart's "*Requiem*" was capitally performed by a very efficient band and chorus on Tuesday last at the Chapel of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, which has lately been erected by Sir George Bowyer in Great Ormond Street. The occasion was the death of a member of the Order.

There has been some dispute about the direction of the theatre at Breslau. It has now, however, been decided, that Herr Gundy is to have it. He is rather embarrassed in his new position, from the fact that several of the chief members of this company have left with his predecessor.

A "Beethoven Society" is announced. A series of eight Saturday Evening Concerts, principally but not exclusively devoted to the works of Beethoven, will be given during the season at Willis's Rooms. By the way, what has become of the "Bach Society?"

The "Glasgow Tonic Sol-fa Choir" announce a performance of Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*" in the City Hall on Friday December 9th. The principals are Mdlle. Van Noorden, Miss Helen Kirk, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Chaplin Henry. Conductor Mr. W. M. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed open with John Parry on Monday. Mr. Reed, we should imagine, has said "good-bye" to opera di camera. If he has not shown us altogether what *can* be done with such an entertainment, he has at least been negatively useful in showing what can *not* be done with novices.

Miss Susan Galton, a niece of Miss Louisa Pyne's, will appear as a *prima donna* at Her Majesty's, on Monday, in the "*Sonnambula*." She is very young, very *petite*, very pretty, and very clever. Judiciously enough, she has been made to sing in the provinces in such operas as the "*Figlia*," etc.; and we mistake if she does not make a "hit" on the London boards.

Really the managing people at Covent Garden should interdict bouquets, unless some discrimination is shown on first nights. On the production of Hatton's Opera, there were more flowers showered upon the *ballerine* than on all the singing cast put together. And the curious thing was that this floral avalanche descended from one box in the upper tier, R. H. Of course, it was spontaneous.

The production of Henry Smart's "*Bride of Dunkerron*" at Liverpool this week has been really a success. We hear from people who were present that the work went capitally under the composer's *bâton*; that the Rudersdorff sang charmingly; that the Mersey people were startled into something like animation; and that Mr. George Metzler, who went down to view the land, was naturally very much delighted with his venture. Bravo, Smart!

The lady, to whom we alluded in our last number, as having been so rudely treated at the Vienna opera-house, is Frl. Wildauer, who is a great favourite in that capital. The hissing which she received is universally attributed to an intrigue. Frl. Wildauer has been unwell ever since the event, and the Vienna opera suffers much in consequence. Herr Auder, of the Italian opera of Vienna, is reported to have gone mad.

"The first winter concert of the Coblenz Musical Institute, on the 11th November, was the sixteenth which Her Majesty the Queen (of Prussia) has glorified with her all-highest presence; in consequence of which, Herr Music-director Leuz, received a costly diamond pin, in addition to a most all-gracious autograph. Her Majesty also deigned to bestow some gratifying words of appreciation on the chamber singer, Herr Koch, of Cologne, whose pupil, Frl. Bähr, sung at the concert." *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

Herr Arnold Wehner, Capellmeister to the King of Hanover, sends us thence the following gratifying intelligence respecting a young artist whose musical talent reflects the greatest credit on her English teaching:—Miss Agnes Zimmermann had the honour of being received by their Majesties the King and Queen of Hanover at the castle of Herrenhausen on the 23rd inst. His Majesty expressed himself so delighted with Miss Zimmermann's playing, that he immediately invited her to play at one of his state concerts next winter. As I hear the young lady has received her entire musical education in London, I feel it must be gratifying to you to know of her great success, and you may be proud of having brought out such talent. I am certain that Miss Zimmermann will have a very brilliant career and do honour both to her native and adopted country. Last evening (the 28th Nov.) Miss Zimmermann performed in the "Künstlerverein" "with Herr Joachim, and her playing, as well as her compositions met with the warmest admiration both of artists and amateurs."

A grand military concert was given at Berlin recently, on the occasion of passing through, on the return from Jutland, by an Austrian regiment, named after King William, together with a regiment of Prussian guards, which bears the Austrian emperor's name. The regiments played alternately, and, at the conclusion, in concert, before a crowded audience. The Austrians confined themselves to light music, dances, and marches, while the Prussians performed more solid pieces, such as the overture to "*Oberon*," and the like. Any one who has heard Austrian and Prussian bands can probably form with ease a fair opinion of their relative merits; but the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* has the following very Prussian remarks on the performance:—"Were we to draw a comparison between the foreign musicians and our own, it would be, as regards the really artistic standpoint (!?), in favour of the latter. They have not certainly that sharp and pregnant precision which we must recognize in the Austrians; but this appears to us to be merely the consequence of a certain external training, which cannot be applied to our Prussian musicians, who, even under the strictest discipline, cannot quite give up their artistic independence in the ensemble, *each individual will have his spiritual share in the sound of the whole.* What is lost in the mechanical precision of the playing by this peculiarity is richly repaid by the intelligence, force, and fire of the execution."

MR. HATTON'S NEW OPERA.

The very cordial reception given by a crowded house at Covent Garden last Saturday evening to Mr. HATTON'S "*Love's Ransom*," proves one thing at least,—that this composer has endeared himself to England by the many charming fireside songs he has given us. Taking the verdict of Saturday as applying only to Mr. HATTON'S popularity as a song writer, we most readily endorse the expression of opinion; but we cannot allow it to mean more. Once the fevered glow of enthusiasm—inspired by friendship and *esprit du corps*—has faded away; when the last encore has been sung; when the atmosphere of Covent Garden resumes its frigidity, and Mr. HARRIS and Mr. MELLON commune together as to the advisability of cuts; then, and not before then, are we at all likely to realise whether or not a new work has been a success. A false friendliness for all English writers has of late years so grown upon the critical press, that it was now almost passed into a canon of newspaper etiquette to say that each succeeding opera is a "great success." Thus, if Mr. HATTON is to believe what the dailies and weeklies have been cuckooing ever since last Saturday, he will believe that his "*Love's Ransom*" is a great work and a great success. Our own opinion—for which we shall give data—is, that it is neither one nor the other. To begin with the libretto—which, after all, publishers and managers are beginning to find cannot entirely be entrusted to sceneshifters to write—Mr. HATTON has not been fortunate in being forced into comparison with M. HALÉVY. Little entitled as the joint production of MM. ST. GEORGES and HALÉVY was to the name of grand opera, the "*Val d'Andorre*" still contained several effective situations and some highly dramatic music. In the present version of the story—a poor one at best—Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS (who writes like a scholar and a gentleman, whatever his plot may be), has excised the best effects of St. GEORGES, and substituted nothing in their place. For instance, in HALÉVY'S score, the drawing of the lots for the conscription is treated musically in the most effective way; in "*Love's Ransom*" this is done off the stage to the tattoo of a drum, the while Mr. Corri, looking off, explains what is going on to the audience, who would otherwise be very considerably puzzled as to what it all means. Again, the trial-scene, and the discovery that the heroine is the daughter of the woman who has been prosecuting her, in the ST. GEORGES-HALEVY edition, were to a certain extent good dramatic points. Both in Mr. HATTON'S opera have been excised, and the feeble interest of the whole drama still further enfeebled. The entire plot, in fact, is reduced in "*Love's Ransom*" to the single money transaction; which is thus made to furnish mattter and interest for three mortal acts. That this contrivance is totally inadequate to produce the required interest is not to be wondered at. Not only do we find the plot feeble, but, on further analysis, we fail to trace any well-drawn operatic forms. The first act, which is almost as long as the other two together, consists nearly entirely of solos—ballads and songs—with little or no relevancy to the action of the story, which, indeed, cannot properly be said to commence till the second act. The introduction of spoken dialogue into a serious opera of three acts is, of course, a matter of taste; we do not like it, and have frequently expressed our views on the subject—views which the additional experience gained from "*Love's Ransom*" will not materially alter. The dribbles of dialogue are perfectly ridiculous, and might to great advantage have been put into recitative.

We have spoken thus at length on the form of the opera, because we conceive it to have a most important bearing on the ultimate fate of Mr. HATTON'S work. Another reason is, that if English operas are to be put together in this manner, then shelved for the utter lack of any human interest or dramatic vitality, and yet no practical lesson be drawn for the edification of future writers and composers, the great good of the present representations at Covent Garden is entirely thrown away. And indeed it *is* thrown away, when we find the *Daily Telegraph*—a paper whose impartial, candid, and well-informed musical criticisms have been lately lifting it to the first position amongst the daily journals—declaring that the book of '*Love's Ransom*' "fulfils all the conditions of a model libretto!"

We refrain from entering upon a critical consideration of MR. HATTON'S music at present, as we intend giving a full analysis next week, and for the nonce content ourselves with drawing attention to the working of the tentative processes through which English Opera is now going. But a few months ago, new men—new blood—new music—were the staple cries in the art marketplace. As yet we have not exactly been hearing new men—but we certainly are now listening to works which under former *régimes* would never have been heard. That is something. Neither WALLACE nor BALFE could have written "*Love's Ransom*"—that is very certain.

CHURCH MUSIC IN LONDON.

No. V. (*concluded*).—THE FOUNDLING CHAPEL.

It was not long before the Governors, seeing the use that might be made of a musical service in the Chapel, resolved to engage a party of highly cultivated professional singers, and at the same time to have the children taught sufficiently to take part in the music performed—and this arrangement has obtained to the present time, with the exception of a short interval. This occurred during the attempt, some dozen years ago, to do away with the professional ladies engaged, and to assimilate the service as much as possible to that of a cathedral. Accordingly, four men and half a dozen boys were robed in surplices, and the latter (selected from the foundlings) received some extra instruction. But *cucullus non facit monachum*, and the surplices did not create the choir; while the music to which the congregation had been accustomed became impossible, and what was possible was very indifferently executed. The folks who had been accustomed to the mellifluous vocalisation of Louisa Pyne, were by no means contented with the interesting efforts of "little Squeaky;" and the greatest purists were forced to confess that the surpliced foundling was but a very poor apology for his bonneted and crinolined predecessor. The attempt having given rise to great dissatisfaction was therefore abandoned, not without reluctance on the part of some of the Governors; but though the experiment failed, the result was good: for *all* the children who sing are now well-grounded in the rudiments of music, and thoroughly practised in the occasionally difficult pieces they have to execute.

Proceeding to the present state of affairs, we may remark that the interior of the Chapel has a very fine effect: it is surrounded by galleries receding from the lower walls, the end opposite the altar being occupied by the organ, on either side of which are ranged the children, forming one of the most impressive and interesting sights possible. Paintings and engravings of this portion of the Chapel are, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers; a peculiar effect is commonly shown, produced by rays from a yellow skylight being thrown on the gilded front of the organ: but the case of the present instrument has been brought more forward, and though the skylight exists, the peculiar effect is gone. It is difficult to look unmoved on this body of boys and girls, cut off as they are from all those ties which form the happiness of other children. Some of the girls are strikingly handsome; in many a sad, in some a playfully mischievous expression shows in the countenance, but almost all appear bright and intelligent. The boys are less remarkable, and they have a generally morose aspect, while an intellectual countenance is the exception. The occupation of the girls in looking after the younger children and other domestic duties may possibly account in some measure for their superior

and more kindly appearance. After the children, the most attractive feature is the organ, which has attained a development unimaginable by the donor of its first predecessor. HANDEL's original instrument had been from time to time altered and added to, while some kind of partial enharmonic arrangement had been attempted with the usual unsuccessful result; but under the care of Mr. BISHOP the organ had been brought to a considerable pitch of excellence, though far behind modern requirements. In the year 1855 the governors determined to have it entirely remodelled and rebuilt, and the task was assigned to MESSRS. BEVINGTON, who, in accordance with plans drawn out by the present organist, have produced one of the finest instruments in London. It contains all that was worth retaining of the previous one, and has sixty stops, with the usual composition pedals and couplers. Some of the solo stops are very fine, but the pedal organ is hardly satisfactory.

In front of the organ, and between the boys and girls, are seated the five professional singers—two ladies, soprano and contralto; and three men, alto, tenor, and bass. As occupants of their pew, without going far back, we recall the names of ATKINS, PYNE, HOBBS, LAWLER, HAWKINS, HORNCASTLE, and ROBINSON; of the Misses CAUSE, Miss BIRCH, Miss RAINFORTH, Miss DOLBY, Mrs. LOCKEY, and Miss LOUISA PYNE. With these recollections we can hardly assert that the present singers—excellent though they be—surpass all that have gone before them; but the musical proficiency of the children has never been so conspicuous as at present. They chant the Psalms admirably, take part in the "Services" of our best cathedral writers, and in their anthems, as well as in adaptations (not, by the way, always most happy as regards the words) from HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, HUMMEL, GLUCK, HIMMEL, and SPOHR; and in these they will take up a point or a difficult lead with a readiness and certainty not often found in a "professional" vocalist.

But seeing that the girls sing the treble, and the boys the alto, and that the choir contains only one tenor and one bass, it is obvious that there must exist a disparity between the parts which no exertion on the part of the singers, or skill of the organist, can conceal; and we would suggest that if, as we are informed, the contributions to the Chapel funds yield a considerable surplus, a portion of this might be devoted to the engagement of three or four tenors and basses for the chorus. If, indeed, the governors, in addition to this, would also double their present quintet, we think little more could be desired; but the adoption of the former suggestion would remove the weakest point in the present arrangements.

Our visit to the Foundling was on the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, when we found "Comfort ye" posted at the door as the anthem to be sung. But, though Mr. SIMS REEVES was not the tenor to whom the solo was allotted, a severe hoarseness, we presume, or some other ailment incidental if not peculiar to tenors, caused the substitution of "O thou that tellest," which was assigned to and very tastefully executed by the contralto—if our vision served us, Miss LASCELLES; MOZART's accompaniments being capitally played on the organ. The chorus was given with the greatest effect, the precision of the children not being inferior to that of Mr. COSTA's Exeter Hall chorus. Indeed, Mr. COSTA himself paid the children and their instructor the highest possible compliment, when, not very long ago, he wished some of the boys to assist at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts, although the governors saw objections which prevented their entertaining his proposal. We were glad to find that the Advent Hymn did not necessarily involve MADAN's puerile tune. It is the practice here for the five principal singers to sing one verse of the psalm or hymn without accompaniment, and the effect is certainly very good, when executed as we heard it; for the changing of the anthem seemed to have had a curative effect on the tenor's indisposition. A somewhat florid *Jubilate*, we know not by whom, was very nicely executed, as indeed was all the music; and the whole service reflected the greatest credit on the organist, who, we believe, has the entire musical training of the children, and direction of the Chapel choir. It would be a great advantage if the chaplain could intone his part, as the effect of the versicle being read, and the response sung, is very bad. Might we venture to suggest to this no doubt earnest and able clergyman, a little modification in his manner of getting through the prayers? It is surely not necessary that they should be so persistently *preached* to the people, or that the style of the "nice man to sit under" in a Proprietary Chapel a quarter of a century ago should be revived here. The Hebrew pronunciation of Biblical names, too, is hardly intelligible to a mixed congregation.

It may be well to mention that a contribution is expected on entering from all persons who do not hold seats in the chapel; and if occasionally One of the Public will stand upon his rights to enter without the gift, he may expect to be referred to the "other door" for the non-contributors, which "other door," if he succeed in finding it, will assuredly be found to be just closed by the provokingly polite official in attendance.

In concluding our lengthy and discursive sketch, we would recommend such of our readers as may think it more panegyrical than critical, to go and judge for themselves; and we are confident that every one—musical or not—will experience a new and highly-refined pleasure from their first visit to the Foundling Chapel.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF ART-LIFE IN LONDON.

XVIII.

The Cattle Show, like Christmas and the tax gatherer, has come round (writes our own Bohemian), and agricultural parties come also round—very round—to the Cattle Show. Now, it is peculiar to bucolic exhibitions of this kind, that what time they are holden in the Agricultural Hall, the town is inundated with human monstrosities. To get at any stated season of the year requires no almanac: it is simply a geometrical exercise. From a given point on a given dead wall to find out the month we are in: that is the problem, and the placards answer it. Now, fat cattle shows are indicated by fat boys and dwarfs as regularly as Christmas is indicated by pantomimes. October and November generally bring out Christy's Minstrels and the Rev. Bellew; and the Cattle Show in particular brings out an eruption of fat boys, talking fishes, evenings at homes, and dwarfs. There was a show of the first and last articles a few days ago, at one of the many St. James's Halls. I can never find out how many halls there are in Regent Street and Piccadilly dedicated to a Saint; but I know the Giant Boy was not exhibited at the St. James's Hall you know, or in any one *I* know, but in a place that looked like a billiard-room which had been operated upon by Mr. Richard Weaver, and was shown by a gentleman, who, if I didn't call up the aid of faith to believe him in the profession, *I* should say he was a Marker. I was so convinced of it, in fact, that I thought of going up to him and hissing suddenly into his ear, "Red off Spot!" and observe if he started. Perhaps the Giant Boy is healthy: I fancy he is *not*. He looked to me as though he wanted to confide in somebody about the enormous quantity of cold fat mutton he has to eat. As for dwarfs I refused to look at them. I make up my mind never to believe in dwarfs—from Charles Stratton Thumb, General in the U. S. Army, downwards. You can never tell how old a dwarf is—or rather how young. I believe Tom Thumb is about eight. Don't tell me about the baby: we all know about the Pretender and the warming-pan, which, I take it, was a dodge of Barnum's to perpetuate the line of Stewarts, only it didn't pay. Similarly, Tom and Madame Thumb's heir is a dodge—or I like to believe it so.

Another indication of the approach of Christmas is shadowed in the recklessness of the people. The magazines are reckless in the matter of double numbers with uncertain titles; the grocers get recklessly involved with the account of Christmas clubs, by means of which you can, on authority, "pay what you like, when you like, how you like (gold or notes), and at any time have full value for your money;" a commercial practice which, it appears to me, is not limited to Christmas Clubs, but is also remotely known elsewhere. Then public entertainers get reckless at this time, and launch into presents and prize conundrums. Professor Anderson gives away prizes with commendable rashness, and lavishes wealth enough on bonbons and toys to found a small hospital; and it is worth the money to see the delight of the young ones, when the guerdons for good attendance are flung about the stalls and when the recipients of prizes go up on the stage to realise their tickets. Of course it invariably happens that the small boys get big dolls and the girls masculine gifts; the fun would be incomplete without this. But they enjoy it all the same, and let us hope they exchange amicably when they get out.

Mr. Harrison is getting reckless: no wonder. Mr. Harrison is without doubt a scholar, and knows Latin. Can he decline *Penna*? The public have found the Accusative—in English the Objective, you know. Let Mr. H. decline the whole noun; as it is, I should say Penna has put him in low Feather. He and Swift in an opera together would produce a tragedy; Swift could fall down trapdoors and murder himself and Signor Marchesi; and Penna could murder the opera.

I have been idle for some time, *caro mio*, and have a mass of work on hand. I have to settle a few accounts with some entertainments and work off sundry music-halls—especially the Strand with a K. Sala has returned from America to go with your own Bohemian to the Strand, and between us we shall knock up a very truthful criticism. *A bientôt.*

THE CONTINENT.

PARIS, Nov. 29th.

At the commencement of the present year the question of the *Liberté des Théâtres* became a subject of general conversation; and when, shortly after, it was announced that the Imperial decree authorising dramatic free-trade would come into force on the first of July, all the regular playgoers of Paris (and they are many) became uneasy in their minds, and prophesied the most deplorable results to their favourite theatres. An art revolution was expected. It was rumoured that the Théâtre Français would borrow largely from the *répertoire* of the Bouffes and the Funambules; and that the Opéra contemplated the production of low-comedy farces as *lever-du-rideau* on the nights when ballet was to be performed; while the director of the Théâtre Italien proposed a Shakespearian revival, and "*Macbeth*" in English, with a cast including Mario as the guilty Thane, and Scalese as the first murderer was seriously spoken of. The eventful day arrived; and with the exception of two attempts at opera, "*Le Barbier de Séville*" at the Porte St. Martin, and "*La Fille du Maître de Chapelle*" at the Théâtre Déjazet (both unsuccessful, both announced for a month, and neither outliving a fortnight), none of the other theatres were frightened from their propriety. A third essay has been made this last week; the Théâtre St. Germain opened its doors to the public on Thursday. This new house is situated on the other side of the river, close by the Hôtel Cluny, in the Boulevard St. Germain. It was built about a year ago, and (at that time bearing the name of Athénée Musical) opened in December last with a series of concerts à *la* Jullien; M. Duprato being the conductor. The speculation proved unsuccessful, and after an equally unfortunate endeavour to make it answer as a *café-concert*, the

house was closed in the spring of this year. Since that time it has been neatly fitted up as a theatre, and though something of the concert-room is still apparent, it is tolerably well suited to its present purpose. This is the first and, until now, the only house of some twenty with which Paris was threatened under the new *régime*; and the managers seem to count on opera comique as the most effective means for inducing the public to patronise their establishment. On the first night three new pieces were presented for approval. A vaudeville, entitled "*Libre Echange;*" an opera comique in two acts, "*La Bouquetière du Trianon;*" and another in one act, "*Le Lion de St. Marc.*" The music of the first of these operas is by M. Frédéric Barbier. I could not catch the name of the author of the poem, which has not the slightest interest. A young "*garde française*" is in love with a flower girl; runs after her to declare his passion during two acts; falls into a fit of jealousy because she has in her possession the portrait of another young soldier, which turns out to be that of her father in his youth (they didn't "improve" military uniforms in those days, it appears) and, of course, marries her at the end of the piece. This is not an *exciting* story, and was, no doubt, invented by the author as being specially adapted to persons suffering from aneurism. I applaud the charitable idea, but could wish that the wedding had been arranged to take place immediately after the overture; it would have been such a saving of time! M. Barbier seems to have made up his mind that every man in the orchestra should do his duty, and, like a well-known English manager (Maddox, I believe), does not pay his trombones to count so many bars rest. His tendency to make each artist earn his salary was painfully apparent all through the work, but more particularly in the middle of a love duet, in a passage slightly suggestive of jealousy, and in which the brass instruments produced a diabolical effect. (Bellini knew better than that when he wrote the "*Son geloso*" duett in the "*Sonnambula.*") The scene of the portrait, a trio, is treated in a style which would suit admirably the situation of the fifth act of "*Robert,*" had not Meyerbeer already done it tolerably well. M. Barbier has yet to learn that most difficult art of writing music adapted to the subject of his piece. A man is not a composer because he does not make consecutive fifths, and knows that the horns always play in C. If he likes to work, and think a little, and above all, avoid the tendency to "*faire grand,*" which is his great defect, I believe there's something in him. The one act opera, "*Le Lion de St. Marc,*" is by MM. Nuitter and Beaumont, music by M. Legouix, and his first attempt. It is very well written and very creditable to the composer; just what is necessary for a short and pleasing act, the subject of which is a *qui pro quo*, caused by a love missive being inserted by mistake into the usual letter-box of the political denunciators of "*Venezia la bella.*" I would rather not mention the artists; but if the managers hope to make money some changes are necessary. A little novelty would not be amiss. A tenor who sings in tune for instance, or a *prima donna* who would favour us with something better than one of her scale exercises as a *point d'orgue* would be acceptable. The orchestra and chorus are sufficiently good and numerous, the dresses handsome, and the scenery neat; and with some changes in the *personnel*, and with an efficient stage manager, I think the affair ought to answer. There is no other theatre near, and playgoers are not scarce in that quarter.

On Saturday, the Théâtre Italien revived "*Un Ballo in Maschera.*" Like "*L'Elisir d'Amore*" and "*Betly,*" the libretto of this work is taken from the French. It is an adaptation of Scribe and Auber's "*Gustave III. ou le Bal Masqué,*" produced at our opera in 1833, Nourrit, Levasseur and Mdlle. Falcon being the principal interpreters. The work never had much success, and although it contained some very fine music, the great effect was produced by the ball scene, and the famous galop which we all remember. Fraschini sang remarkably well, and Delle Sedie, as usual, was encored in the romanza of the fourth act. Mdme. Charton Demeur is a good *Amélia*, and Mdlle. Vanderbeck an agreeable page—to look at. MM. Agnesi and Antonucci were sufficiently ill-favoured as the two conspirators, and their fine voices were heard to great advantage in the concerted music. The two finales and the quartet in Act IV. were much applauded. Yesterday we had "*Marta*" for the first appearance of M. Brignoli. Mdlle. Patti, Mdme. De Méric Lablache, MM. Scalese and Delle Sedie supported the *débutant*, who is said to have been successful. I shall have an opportunity of mentioning him in my next.

We are to have "*La Gazza Ladra,*" with Mdlle. Patti as *Nina*; and "*Linda*" is also promised. At the Théâtre Lyrique "*Faust*" and "*Violetta*" ("*La Traviata*") are given on alternate nights to crowded houses. The revival of "*Mireille*" is still announced, but I suppose that so long as the operas I mention continue attractive, we shall have no change in the bill. "*Don Pasquale*" is given occasionally to enable the artists engaged in the two stock pieces to have a day's rest. Mdme. Carvalho is as charming a *Marguerite* as ever, and Mdlle. Nillsen as *Violetta* daily increases the good effect she produced at her *début*. M. Carvalho has now the most effective lyric troupe in Paris. Three first class *prime donne*, Mesdames Carvalho, Nillsen, and De Maësen: two good tenors, MM. Michot and Monjauze; MM. Lutz and Ismaël, baritones; and MM. Troy, Petit, and Peront, bassi; complete an excellent ensemble. A translation of "*Marta*" is in rehearsal. At the Opéra Comique, M. Gevaert's "*Capitaine Henriot*" will be ready in about a fortnight. M. Coudère (the *Louis XI.* of the same composer's "*Quentin Durward*") taking the part of *Henri IV.*

The *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire* will commence operations on the 4th December with the first of two extra concerts dedicated to the memory of Meyerbeer. The overture to the "*Pardon of Ploërmel,*" a chorus from the "*Crociato,*" and the "*Bénédiction des Poignards*" from the "*Huguenots,*" form part of the program. M. Georges Hainl, *chef d'orchestre* of the opera, will conduct. It is said that, if necessary, "*L'Africaine*" could be produced at the end of February. But should the success of "*Roland*" continue, and I hear of no falling off in the receipts, I doubt whether the management of the Opéra would be disposed to withdraw it, to make room for a work which is almost sure, under any circumstances, to make money, and be a source of attraction during the year beginning October, 1865.

M. Arnal, the well-known comedian, has just commenced an engagement at the Bouffes Parisiens. He made a successful appearance in "*Passé Minuit,*" an old vaudeville newly arranged as an operetta, music by M. Deffès. M. Bouffé's benefit at the Opéra produced the handsome sum of thirty thousand francs (1,200*l.*) Among the artists who acted as "supers," and took part in the *défilé* in the "*Fille de l'Avare,*" were MM. Duprez and Levasseur, two of the ancient favourites of the Rue Lepeletier, who were welcomed by their old admirers in a most enthusiastic manner.

LEIPSIC, Nov. 25th.

The Saxon autumnal *Busstag* (*i.e.*, Fast Day) falling on the Friday in last week, no public musical performance could be allowed on the Thursday evening, and consequently I have no Gewandhaus Concert to report upon.

On the *Busstag* itself, as is here the custom, the *Riedelscher Verein* gave a concert of sacred music in the Thomas Church. Herr Riedel may have thought that our constitutions were so enervated by the Patti dissipation of the previous days that nothing but a strong course of Bach could restore their tone; for the program was entirely selected from the works of that uncompromising composer, who himself, though, dearly loved a trip to Dresden to hear the "pretty Italian songs." The specimens selected were the "*Magnificat;*" the cantata, "*Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit;*" and the Second Part of the "*Weihnachts-Oratorium.*" The unfavourable position of the orchestra and the bad acoustical properties of the Thomas Church are even more painfully perceptible in the elaborate part-writing of Bach than in the broader style of Händel. Few of Bach's works are more elaborate than this five-part "*Magnificat,*" for to these fine voice parts a most complicated orchestral accompaniment is added, the instruments themselves being sometimes divided into two, at times even into three, choirs. The performance, mainly, perhaps, owing to the abovementioned causes, was most unsatisfactory. But some parts still showed how grand they might be if heard under favourable conditions; one of these, especially, is where after the soprano has sung the words "*Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent,*" the chorus rushes in with the conclusion of the sentence, "*omnes generationes.*" The *Terzetto*, "*Suscepit Israel,*" is curiously constructed; the words are given to three female voices, the lower one inverting the subject of the upper part; above them the oboes play the ancient melody of the "*Magnificat*" chant. The continual crossing and interweaving of the voices is sometimes attended with unpleasant collisions. The "*Gloria Patri*" has also a grand effect. The second verse, "*Sicut erat in principio,*" brings in the subject of the first verse of the "*Magnificat,*" and thus forms a symmetrical close to the whole. The Cantata (or "*Actus Tragicus,*" as it is also called) has many beauties, but having heard it only once, and not having been able to obtain the score, I will defer further mention of it till it be again performed. The "*Weihnachts Oratorium*" is a collection of six cantatas written for the festivals at Christmas, New Year, and the Epiphany. Bach could never write a piece of music of any length without some amount of complication; but, as a whole, the "*Weihnachts Oratorium*" is less elaborate and more genial than many of his larger works. It also offers a striking instance of the great Cantor's prudent economy. In his time hardly any festive event was celebrated without the aid of music, and composers were continually called upon to provide occasional compositions, which, as is, and has ever been, the fate of such works, enjoyed (and deserved) the most ephemeral existence. Bach was not content to compose worthless music, even to oblige a crowned head; still less to allow his work to fall into oblivion. He set himself to his task with a will, and generally, although the texts he had to set to were anything but inspiring, succeeded in producing a masterpiece. But how was a piece written for a special occasion to survive for future generations? Bach went very simply to work; he merely struck out the old text, and with little or no alteration of the music, except, perhaps, occasional transpositions and change of obbligato instruments, substituted a new text suitable to some church festival. Such proceedings were only possible at a time when the distinction between church and secular music was so little marked. No less than eleven of the most important numbers of the "*Weihnachts Oratorium*" owe their origin to occasional cantatas in praise of various royal personages. The portion heard in this performance treats of the Angelic Vision of the Shepherds. The opening Pastoral Symphony is most lovely; the orchestra is divided into two groups, one consisting of flutes, strings, and organ, the other of two *oboi d'amore* and two *oboi da caccia*, now represented by clarinets and "English horns;" these two choirs respond to and mix with each other, but always keep their own character. Very sweet and soothing is the alto air "*Schlafe mein liebster,*" in which the four oboes are again employed; few more tender cradle songs have

ever been written. The "Angels' Hymn" is a noble composition. In the last number, a choral, the four oboes bring in, as counterpoint, the subject of the opening symphony. The whole oratorio would be too long for performance, but a most interesting selection might be made from it; it would show the master in his most amiable, as well as in his learned, humour. The solo singers were Fräulein Alvsleben and Frau Krebs; Michalesi of Dresden, Herr Schild of Leipsic, and Herr Krause of Berlin. They all acquitted themselves satisfactorily; of the chorus I have already spoken. The orchestra could hardly be recognised as that which plays in the Gewandhaus, so deleterious is the effect of the locality. When will wealthy Leipsic build a proper concert room?

The third Euterpe concert introduced to us a *Symphonische Dichtung* by Herr J. Huber, the Society's Concertmeister. The work is one of continual brooding in the most excruciating discords, with the very slightest amount of an idea in it; an outburst at the end for the brass instruments, probably intended to be jubilant, was too motiveless, too harsh and discordant, to act as an antidote to the unmitigated ugly dreariness of the first part. The directors ought never to have allowed such a work to be inflicted upon the public. The other orchestral works were Schumann's Overture to Genoveva and Schubert's Symphony in C. The chronic tonal discrepancies of the wind instruments, the main evil of the Euterpe orchestra, again made themselves very unpleasantly felt, otherwise the orchestra went rather better than usually. Of the soloist, Herr Concertmeister Jacobasohn of Bremen, it is difficult to speak. His tone, though not strong, is pure, his intonation sure, his execution excellent, the shake in particular being very good. But with all these qualifications, he seems to have one great want—musical passion and expression. I had not thought it possible that any one could play Beethoven's Violin Concerto—a work which in its different movements reflects the deepest passion, the most tender, almost religious feeling and the most overflowing humour—with such an apparent absence of all feeling. In some romances by Schumann and a fantasie by Vieuxtemps, pieces which do not so appeal to the heart, Herr Jacobssohn was more satisfactory; so also in David's difficult and clever cadenzas to the concerto, his playing was really brilliant.

The annual concert in aid of the friends of the Vincentius Verein has just been given. The charitable object of the concert would withdraw it from criticism, even were criticism called for, but it need not prevent my noticing the admirable playing of Mr. Horton C. Allison of London, one of the cleverest pupils of the Conservatorium. His performance of Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Allegro gioso* and Chopin's *Polonaise* in E flat, was excellent in all respects.

The Dresden Theatre has been trying an interesting experiment—the performance of Sophocles' great trilogy on three successive evenings. The first tragedy "*Œdipus*," was given with Lachner's music; the others, "*Œdipus in Colonos*" and "*Antigone*," with Mendelssohn's. Some friends who were at the second concert of the Dresden Court orchestra speak of a serenade by Mozart, composed in 1779, but only now publicly performed, as an unlucky experiment in exhumation, the work being tedious, and without a spark of the Mozart fire. The orchestra, they add, is not to be compared with that of the Gewandhaus.

OUR NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—A well-known weekly journal this week reproaches the Royal English Opera that the directors have thought fit to engage a one-legged dancer for their pantomime. Now, one would think, if there must be a pantomime at all, that the more attractive the management make it the better, more particularly if the success of the pantomime exercises so important an influence on the balance at the bankers at the end of an English opera season. I hope the time is approaching when no such sacrifice will be necessary to keep an English opera house open. The directors of the Opera Company are certainly carrying on their business with the most praiseworthy vigour, if not with irreproachable judgment.

Scarcely six weeks will have elapsed since the opening of their theatre before they will have presented three new English works and as many prima donnas and first tenors, some two or three of whom had not previously enjoyed a fair opportunity of exhibiting their talents.

Last autumn the attraction at our national opera consisted of one opera played every night, one first tenor, and one first soprano. I think, then, that the Opera Company (Limited) deserves well of all who care about the advancement of our native stage music. I heartily hope that it may find itself in a position at Easter to open a theatre for the fashionable season, when I have no doubt English Opera would stand a much better chance of sufficient support, particularly if all our best artists were included in the company.—Your obedient servant,

NON-PROFESSIONAL.

MACBETH WITCHES.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—We appear to have still amongst us some who are disposed to view the witch musical scenes with the same disapprobation as the critic quoted in your impression of November 5th. Thus the *Examiner* of November 5th: "The only concession to bad taste is in the engagement of a large corps of witches for that variety of singing and dancing by which '*Macbeth*' was recommended to the fine wits of the Restoration. '*Macbeth*' was accounted a poor play, when Sir W. Davenant, whom some thought to be Shakspeare's natural son, but who was a most unnatural son in this, rhymed it, and brought it as nearly as he could into the form of an operatic entertainment, for which M. Locke supplied the music. Choice dancers used to be engaged for the ballet in the cauldron scene; but while the music remains, the ballet is now reduced to a little modest capering, and '*Macbeth*,' except the burden of the too-much music, is almost Shakspeare's—is Shakspeare's as restored by Garrick." Some of your readers may be glad to see how the music was formerly regarded. Copied from the playbill, April 21st, 1794:—"*Hecate*, Mr. Bormil; chorus of witches and spirits, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Bland, Miss Leak, Miss Arne, Miss Menage, Miss Granger, Miss Chatterley, Miss Redhead, Miss Gawdry, Mrs. Bramwell, Mrs. Butler, &c.; Mr. Kelly, Master Welsh, Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Dignum, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Biggs, Mr. Truman, Mr. Evans, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Maddocks, Mr. Welsh, Mr. Darby, &c."

It will thus be seen that the whole operatic strength of the house was employed in the chorus. Mr. Bowden, in his Life of Mrs. Jordan, says, "I have noticed the musical junto, which, by a continual intercourse with Sheridan, constituted no inferior power to that of the manager, and so much outlay could not perhaps have been obtained for tragedy unless it had embraced the strong plea of *combination*, and employed the singers of the theatre. On every other occasion the efforts were commonly made for *opera*, now growing into a passion among us, fatal to the genuine produce of our drama."

In the library of the British Museum is a copy of "*Macbeth*," as it was represented at Drury Lane in 1794, by J. P. Kemble, in which the additions by Sir W. Davenant, and a few lines written by Garrick, almost at the close of the last scene, fifth act, are introduced.

The admirable manner in which "*Macbeth*" was performed during Mr. Macready's management is well known to all playgoers; but he, too, thought it advisable to retain Sir W. Davenant's addition. In noticing the music, the *Times*, 29th March, 1842, says:—"*Hecate*, by Phillips, and among the chorus of witches, who sang Davenant's words to Locke's music, are Mesdames Romer, Keely, and P. Horton, the latter of whom greatly distinguished herself among the rest of the throng by the animation with which she enters into the wild spirit of the scene." "The revival of *Macbeth*, by Davenant," says Downs, "was acted with all the magnificence of an opera. Locke's excellent music had given the managers an opportunity of adding a variety of songs and dances suitable in some measure to the play, but more agreeable to the then taste of the audience, who were pleased with the comic dress which the actors gave to the witches, contrary, in the opinion of every person of taste, to the original design of the author." Heylett says:—"The weird sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth; their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scarf o'er life*." It was probably this view of the subject that induced Macready to deviate from the usual practice of entrusting the three principal witches to comedians, and to give them to G. Bennett, W. Bennett, and M. Sass. A writer in the *Biog. Dram.* would have the performers stationed behind the scenes. "The score or more of vocal performers who are brought on in russet cloaks, and drawn up in rank for full ten minutes in front of the stage, are intruders upon the scene of Shakespeare—who well knew how his illusions must be broken by a neat and substantial view of many real, substantial persons, in the business of his incantations. Their presence would be injurious in such a scene, supposing it possible that a crowd of mere hags could be collected to sing as we could wish them. As it is, they are fatal to the whole course of ideas that should attend us in this part of the play. The men are for the most part regular comedians as well as singers; and whatever they may intend, their countenances, as soon as they are recognised, throw an air of burlesque upon the whole. The women, who are generally pretty enough to *bewitch* us, in a sense very different from Shakespeare's, are often employed in laughing with each other, and sometimes with the audience, at their dresses, which they think frightful; but which, in fact, conceal neither their bright eyes, nor rosy lips, nor scarcely their neat ankles and silk stockings.

"Now all this interruption to the solemn influence of the scene may be avoided by an easy alteration in the mode of performance. The fine words of the incantations (which by the by are partly Shakespeare's and partly Midleton's), the highly appropriate music of Locke, the harmony of our best voices, may all be preserved, and the scene rescued from its present violation by stationing the whole chorus behind the scenes, partly on the ground, and partly aloft, to make their responses in the intervals of the spell of *Hecate*, and her three attendants. The music would indisputably be heard with an effect more suitable to the occasion, and our eyes would not then persuade us to think of the *play-bill* instead of '*Macbeth*.' As semi-qualification for this clever writer's suggestion, we may give an instance from Bowden's "Life of Kemble." Let us bear in mind *Banquo's* speech, when he first encounters the witches on that wild heath which the magic pencil of Beverly has so beautifully delineated.

"What are these
So withered, and so wild in their attire?"

Bowden tells us "The witch of the lovely Crouch wore a fancy hat, powdered hair, rouge, point lace, and fine linen enough to enchant the spectator."

Imagine *Macbeth* subsequently addressing the weird sisters, "How now, you secret black, and midnight hags," and the absurd effects which this singular costume must have excited become more apparent. Happily a more correct and classical taste now prevails.—Your obedient servant,

COLIN OLDBOY.

STAGE INDECENCIES.

To the Editor of the *Orchestra*.

SIR,—Of late various stringent remarks have appeared in the *Orchestra*, strongly condemnatory of the "indecent exhibition" now going on at one of our minor theatres. I entirely coincide with all you have said as to the degraded taste which can delight in such exhibitions; but have you nothing to say against the indecencies *which exist and are tolerated at our great West-end theatres and opera houses?* Is there a pin to choose, in point of indelicacy, between the costume (!) of a female *Mazeppa* and the "*exposés*" of the fashionable "*danseuses*" at our opera houses? "*Exposés*," which even men, when in the company of modest women, can scarcely witness without a blush. Is it then to be wondered at that audiences "over the water" should find gratification in displays which do not seem to shock the modesty of the *refined* admirers of the ballet at Covent Garden or the Haymarket? Trusting that you will deal with this subject in your usual forcible manner,—I am, Sir, yours, &c., H. D.

Music.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The winter concerts still continue to increase in excellence and attractiveness. The program for Saturday last was as follows:—

Overture, *(Figaro)* ..... *Mozart*
Aria, "Ah, fors' è lui," *(Traviata)* ..... *Verdi*
Mdlle. Sinico.
Capriccio Brillant, (B minor) ..... *Mendelssohn*
Pianoforte, Mr. Dannreuther.
Serenade *(Faust)* ..... *Gounod*
Signor Bossi.
Symphony, No. 8, in F ..... *Beethoven*
Canzone Spagnuola "La Calesero" ..... *Yrardier*
Madame Rudersdorff.
Duet, "La ci darem," *(Don Giovanni)* ..... *Mozart*
Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Bossi.
Finale to "Lorelei" ..... *Mendelssohn*
Madame Rudersdorff and Chorus.
Marche et Cortege *(La Reine de Saba)* ..... *Gounod*

In addition to the above, Mdlle. Sinico was to have sung Arditi's bolero, "*Leggiero invisibile*." Mr. Manns announced that, owing to some unfortunate *contretemps*, the band parts could not be found, and as Mdlle. Sinico declined singing it with pianoforte accompaniment, he was reluctantly compelled to omit the song. It is almost needless to say that Mozart's popular overture to "*Figaro*" was most spiritly played, and vigorously applauded by the audience. The performance of Beethoven's masterly symphony was eminently satisfactory, and was listened to with marked attention. It consists of four movements, *Allegro vivace*, *Allegretto scherzando*, *Tempo di minuetto*, and *Allegro vivace*. Although the character of the work is such that one would think that it would be appreciated only by educated musicians, the applause with which every movement was received speaks volumes for the progress of the popular taste. The selection of vocal music was excellent; the duet from "*Don Giovanni*," splendidly sung by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Bossi, being, perhaps, the greatest success. The finale to Mendelssohn's unfinished opera of "*Lorelie*" is rapidly winning its way to popularity, and will doubtless ere long be included in the *repertoire* of most of the leading choral societies. Ample justice was done to it by Mdme. Rudersdorff and the well-trained chorus. The concert was brought to a conclusion by the march from Gounod's "*Reine de Saba*," which was frequently introduced at Mr. Mellon's Promenade Concerts. The march was no doubt well played, but the noise occasioned by the preparations for the distribution of the regimental prizes of the London Rifle Brigade, and the anxiety of a very large proportion of the audience to secure good places in the centre transept, effectually prevented us from enjoying it.

EXETER HALL.—The 23rd season of the Sacred Harmonic Society was inaugurated on Friday, the 25th ult., by a performance of Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*." The principal part was to have been taken by Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Harrison, the president of the society, announced that he received the medical certificate of that gentleman's inability to perform his engagement at a very late hour, and that Mr. Montem Smith had undertaken the duty at a moment's notice, Under the circumstances he claimed every indulgence for Mr. Smith, who managed however to get through the music allotted to him remarkably well. The remaining parts were ably filled by Mdme. Rudersdorff, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Smythson. The choruses, on the whole, were scarcely up to the standard which is now expected from the Sacred Harmonic Society. The well-known corales with which the work is interspersed, and the choruses "Stone him to death," "Happy and blest are they," and "How lovely are the messengers" were most excellently sung. The remainder of the choral portion was far better rendered on the last occasion, no doubt owing to the performance having taken place at a later period in the season. A work like "*St. Paul*," abounding in choral difficulties, should not be given so soon after the society recommences its rehearsals.

WESTBOURNE HALL.—The fifth and last but one of Mr. William Carter's successful and excellent pianoforte recitals was given on Wednesday afternoon, in a manner that thoroughly satisfied his auditors, and at the same time reflected credit upon the accomplished pianist. The program ran thus:—

Sonata in D major, Op.10 ..... *Beethoven*
The Harmonious Blacksmith ..... *Händel*
Ballade ..... *Thalberg*
Eighth Polonaise in A flat ..... *Chopin*
Fantasiestucke, Op. 12, Book 1 ..... *Schumann*
Lieder ohne Worte, Book 5 ..... *Mendelssohn*
Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, with Funeral March ..... *Beethoven*
Les Tendres Plaintes } ..... *Rameau*
Les Niais de Sologne }
Polacca in E major, L'Hilarité ..... *Weber*
Prelude and Fugue in E minor ..... *Mendelssohn*
Fantasie on The Last Rose of Summer ..... *Thalberg*
Transcription of the Waltz in Faust ..... *Liszt*

We have nothing but commendations to bestow upon a performance that left nothing to be desired, but was characterised by the greatest care, taste, and finish from beginning to end. Mr. Carter is certainly a clever instrumentalist, and is rapidly rising in public estimation. The recitals will terminate on Wednesday, the 14th December, on which occasion there will in all probability be a goodly gathering of Mr. Carter's admirers.

STRAND MUSICK HALL.—On the occasion of our former visit to this establishment the "comick" element was introduced "after the concert which terminates at 10 o'clock." The directors have now withdrawn their advertisement, "Music at eight, comick at ten," and have placed both on an equal footing in the program. "*Facile descensus Overni*" seems to be the motto of the company. There is nothing particular to notice in the entertainment. The musical portion is merely a reproduction of one of Alfred Mellon's concerts on a smaller scale, and consists of an overture, a selection from "*Faust*" arranged for the orchestra, "The Guards' Waltz," the inevitable "*Carnival de Venise*" and the "Paul-y-tool-y-technic Quadrilles," by Mr. Coote. The "comick" portion is of the same dreary character as that which prevails at the other music halls.

LONDON PAVILION.—What with Professor Redmond's rope-tyeing, Mr. Bond and his performing dog, and acrobatic feats, very little music is now heard at the London Pavilion. Imitating the example of the Strand Musick Hall and the Oxford, the proprietors now provide a printed program. It is, however, somewhat indefinite, and the intimation that it is issued "subject to alteration" speedily becomes very evident. At present *one* operatic selection only is given on each evening. In a selection from "*Norma*," which we heard on Tuesday last, the prima donna, Signora Palmira Grandi, sang her part in Italian, while all the rest was in English. The effect in a duet with the second treble, who stood almost motionless, while the "Signora" was as demonstrative as if on the stage, was really ludicruous. We hope this matter will be looked to. When a well-known opera is thus tortured, no wonder the audience becomes impatient for "the great Vance."

THE REGENT MUSIC HALL.—Those of our readers who are in the habit of visiting places of amusement of this stamp should not lose the opportunity of enjoying the capital evening's entertainment that is nightly provided here for the large and attentive audiences that assemble. In addition to the selection from the charming opera "*La Sonnambula*," most effectively rendered by the band and chorus, under the able direction of Mr. R. Grover, there is such a diversity that it cannot fail to give general satisfaction. But the especial favourite here appeared to be be Miss Annie Adams who treated the audience to several capital serio-comic songs to some of the choicest *Morceaux* of the opera of "*Faust*" (what would poor Gounod say?) and also the Guards' Waltz." Little Bob of Rumsey and Newcombe notoriety is most rapturously applauded for his charcteristic negro dancing; as also is the versatile instrumentalist—Liskard—for his admirable performance on the cornet-à-piston, together with his beautiful concertina solo. A fair *quota* of approbation is bestowed on Juan and Perez for their very clever feats of *gymnastique*. Miss Nelson and Mr. Lloyd, who sing several comic duets, and the other members of the company all helped to make up a very attractive program.

CAMBERWELL HALL.—The first of two concerts by the English Glee and Opera Union, came off on Monday evening last, and notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, the hall was filled in every part with a fashionable and enthusiastic audience, as will be seen by the numerous encores marked * in the following program:—

Quartet, "The dawn of day" ..... *Reay*
Ballad, "My faithful one, mine own" ..... *J. Turner*
Miss Alice Golding.
*Laughing Trio, "I'm not the Queen" ..... *Balfe*
Miss Annie Barton, Miss Alice Golding, and Mr. Stanley Mayo.
Solo, Harp, "The Last Rose of Summer" ..... *Boschsa*
Madame Dryden.
Selections from Bennett Gilbert's Operetta, *A Night in Fairy Land*.
Fishermen's Chorus
Song, "Ye elves so bright"
Mr. A. Thomas.
Trio, "O happy mortal"
Miss Annie Barton, Mr. Stanley Mayo, and Mr. A. Thomas.
*Ballad, "Hither, ye shadows"
Miss Alice Golding.
*Serenade, "The Weeping Dew"
Mr. Stanley Mayo.
Harp Obbligato, Madame Dryden.
*Scena, "Here on smooth mead"
Miss Annie Barton.
Duet and Chorus, "O night bird, sweet"
Miss Annie Barton and Mr. Stanley Mayo.
Finale Chorus, "Morning doth wake."
*Part Song, "The Cuckoo sings in the Poplar Tree"
G. A. Macfarren
*Song, "The Village Blacksmith" ..... *Weiss*
Mr. A. Thomas.
Solo, Pianoforte, { Presto in C ..... *Mendelssohn*; Ballade ..... *Thomar*
Madame Dryden.
*Song, "The Lark" ..... *Haite*
Miss Annie Barton.
Quartet, "Lo! the early beam of Morning" ..... *Balfe*
*Recit. and Air, "The Pilgrim of Love" ..... *Bishop*
Mr. Stanley Mayo.
*Song, "Maggie's Secret" ..... *Claribel*
Miss Alice Golding.
Grande Duo, Harp and Piano, "Lucrezia Borgia" .... *Oberthur*
Madame Dryden and Dr. Bennett Gilbert.
Finale, "Miserere Scene," *(Il Trovatore)* ..... *Verdi*
Miss Annie Barton, Mr. Stanley Mayo, and Chorus, with Harp, Pianoforte, and Harmonium Accompaniment.

We need only add that the concert was a great success, and shall look forward with pleasure to Monday next, when the second one will be given.

Theatres.

1. COVENT GARDEN.

"*Love's Ransom*;" "*Helvellyn*;" "*Sonnambula*."

That Mr. Hatton can write pretty, indeed beautiful songs with full and brilliant piano accompaniments, has been abundantly proved; but that he can compose an entire opera has still to be shown,—the one under present consideration being by no means a great or even a very good work. Mr. Hatton has surprised and disappointed us—surprised us with his evident capability of writing excellent light orchestral music, and disappointed us in the production of an opera containing music so deficient in melody and treatment as "*Rose*." We naturally expected from so graceful a pen to have had at least a series of songs and concerted pieces full of melody and elegance, even if the construction of his opera had been faulty; but with one or two exceptions the reverse is the case. The story of "*Love's Ransom*" must be so well known to our readers that a few words will suffice on the subject. Originally produced in this country as the libretto to the "*Val D'Andorre*," it has been dramatised and represented in a variety of ways on various stages, and now Mr. Sutherland Edwards has been unable to find anything better for his very nicely written libretto, than this hackneyed and not very interesting tale. It is the "*Gazza Ladra*" in another shape almost, and is briefly as follows:—*Rose*, a servant at a village inn, in order to buy off her lover, *Stephen*, who has been drawn as a conscript, appropriates (steals in fact) a sum of money belonging to her mistress, *Theresa*, relying on being able to replace it from a dower to be presented to her by her guardian and friend, old *Jaques*. *Jaques'* money is, however, stolen just when it is wanted, and *Rose*, who confesses her guilt, is about to be condemned to prison, &c., when the thief who stole Jacques' money is taken, and the sum annexed by Rose is returned to Theresa, the while the chorus, who just before were loud in their assertions of Rose's guilt, in which they were perfectly right, now pronounce her innocent, in which they are perfectly wrong. However, life in operas is very different to the real thing, so we must not be censorious. To return to Mr. Hatton's music. The overture contains some sparkling passages; but, as a whole, it is without meaning and commonplace, and this is the case with the whole work. The music throughout impressed us as having been heard before in a different form. The concerted pieces are the best. A quartet in the first act, "Learned wizard, you whose art," contains some nice writing; but was spoilt by the very faulty intonation of Madame Weiss. A song

for Rose, "Gentle flower, canst thou tell?" charmingly sung by Mdme. Sherrington, is pretty; but we have heard prettier from Mr. Hatton. A ballad, "Free as the mountain air," for Mr. Perrin, is intended to be popular, but is commonplace; indeed, all the music for the tenor character is wanting in melody, with the exception of one charming passage in the second act, "Rose whom I loved from early youth," which, although consisting of only a few bars, is worthy of Bellini. Miss Poole's admirable singing redeems a long and rather dreary ballad, "My own native vale," which otherwise would fall very flat. This accomplished lady's singing is so good that we regret she has not a better opportunity of exhibiting it than in the part of *Therese*. She received quite an ovation from the house. A four-part song, "Dear Georgette, we come to thee," is one of the best things in the opera, and is scored in a novel and effective manner, with florid passages for the solo singers, by way of accompaniment to the chorus. It was admirably sung. Amongst other pieces worthy of special notice are "Farewell, my mountain life," well sung by Mr. Perrin, and a duett, "Alas, they say that time is fleet," for soprano and tenor; both are graceful, if not very original. Mr. Weiss makes the best of the bass music, but it is up-hill work even for so clever an artist; his appearance, by the bye, is exceedingly picturesque. Mr. Aynsley Cook, as the recruiting captain, is not well suited in a song, "Recruiting is my trade," the refrain of which is very familiar. By the way, Mr. Cooke—if stage promotions were prompt—should be at least a major-general by this time; but fate keeps him a sergeant ever and always. Mr. Corri has two comic songs, which he sings in his peculiar barking fashion, much to the satisfaction of the gallery. There is no single air in the whole opera to be compared to the same composer's beautiful song "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye," nor is there one for which we can predict anything like the same deserved popularity. The orchestral accompaniments throughout are good, but often too delicate, wanting backbone. *Au reste* the opera is put upon the stage in an inexpensive manner, the two scenes being those painted for "*Stradella*" last summer, and we cannot compliment Mr. Harris upon the grouping, such as it is. The orchestra, under Alfred Mellon, and Mr. Smithson's chorus were, as usual, perfect. What other remarks we have to make on the work generally will be found in our leading columns.

2. HER MAJESTY'S.

"*Don Giovanni*;" "*Faust*;" "*Traviata*."

The production of Mozart's masterpiece would have been a success had Mr. Penna not been fated to make a début in the difficult part of *Don Juan*. There are some characters in opera *répertoire* that are as perfectly realised to the popular apprehension as Mr. Pickwick in his black gaiters and spectacles. *Don Giovanni* is one of these. He is physically a tall, handsome, dashing fellow; and only tall dashing actions will consequently impersonate him to advantage. Nature did not originally contemplate making Mr. Penna a *Don Juan*, and did not therefore provide against such a contingency as happened last Friday week at Her Majesty's. In a word, Mr. Penna failed in the part, which ought never to have been his; and we only hope that he will redeem himself in *Rodolfo*, for which part he is cast in the "*Sonnambula*." Miss L. Pyne sang the *Zerlina* music charmingly; Madame Kenneth was a worthy companion to Rudersdorff in the *Donna Anna*, whilst Marchesi, as *Leporello*, Swift as the *Count*, and Rouse, as *Masello*, were all commendable. The public naturally want to know why Mr. Harrison—undoubtedly the finest *Don Juan* at this moment on the boards of any theatre at home or abroad—does not play the part? And we beg to answer that this gentleman is so much occupied in managing his theatre and evading gas explosions that it is utterly impossible he can appear for some time to come as an artist.—Mr. Sims Reeves has got the better of his cold, and is singing again in "*Faust*." Everyone should hear him ere his short engagement terminates. Never will the music of the part be heard so perfectly sung again.

3. DRURY LANE.

"*A Young Lad from the Country*;" "*Macbeth*."

4. PRINCESS'S.

"*Born to Good Luck*;" "*The Streets of London*."

5. LYCEUM.

"*Nursey Chickweed*;" "*The King's Butterfly*."

6. HAYMARKET.

"*The Sun and the Wind*;" "*Sunny Vale Farm*;" "*On the Sly*;" "*My Husband's Ghost*."

Dr. Mosenthal's name has become a household word in England—thanks to Miss Bateman and the success of "*Leah*." The production of a new play by the author of "*Deborah*" is an event sufficiently interesting, even at this distance from the scene of Mosenthal's many successes. "*Der Sonnenwendhof*" has had deference enough paid it to honour even a better drama: of it have been forged two plays and an opera. In one of the plays Miss Bateman, it is rumoured, will reappear before a London audience; the other was produced at the HAYMARKET on Monday, under the title of "*Sunnyvale Farm*;" and the opera has already been made public under the name of "*Helvellyn*." Of Mr. Macfarren's work, dramatically as well as musically considered, people have had ample opportunity to judge; and they have now had presented before them a close dramatic translation of the "*Sonnenwendhof*," by Mr. Bridgman, well executed, well acted, and placed on the stage with all the resources for which the Haymarket theatre is famed. We do not think the dramatic version of Mosenthal's play will enhance the reputation of the author of "*Leah*," so far as English audiences are concerned. Partaking largely of the characteristics of its antecessor—similar in incident, in locality, in the allotment of character—it is calculated to recal to the spectator's mind the stronger beauty and greater effectiveness of its sister drama. As in "*Leah*," the mountainous country of Styria is the scene of action; the prejudice of an ignorant peasantry is the leading idea; the sorrow of a forsaken and avoided woman forms the groundwork of the plot. There are a mountain farm, a mountain pasture, a village church; and even in dress the associations of "*Leah*" are recalled. But the magic fascination is wanting, the charm that invests the heroine is wholly absent; and from this point the resemblance ceases. A cold, gloomy girl, who walks on and off the stage with little to do in either situation, but reply in melancholy monosyllables, is the principal figure; and the action drags wearily to the third act, and only wakens at the very end of the piece. Then the denouement is hurried and improbable; a sudden reversion of feeling in the bosom of an antagonist to the course of true love, causes everything to clear up when they are at their worst; and an equally unaccountable arrival of a large party of villagers no the summit of an unfrequented mountain occasions the villain of the piece to leap over a precipice without any assignable reason, except that he is disappointed of a little revenge. To detail the plot were needless; our readers have already discovered it in "*Helvellyn*." A few distinctions necessarily exist; for example, in the locality, which is Styrian and not English; in the character of the effects, which do not relate to harvesting and carousing in British bucolic fashion; and in the sex of the old servant *Steenie* in the opera, who is an old woman in the play. There is nothing like the conflagration-tableau of "*Helvellyn*;" the story is told by the characters. An important personage is made of the vagabond *Matthias*, excellently rendered by that most versatile and useful actor, Mr. Howe; in fact this is the strong part in the piece. *Hilda*, the *quasi Leah*, is by no means a satisfactory part; and it needs all Mdlle. Beatrice's gracefulness to redeem it from boredom. As it is, it must be a thankless part to an actress so accomplished. The lover of the play was sufficiently well represented by Mr. W. Farren, and the *babillarde* old servant extremely well played by Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. Of Miss Snowdon's personation of *Monica*, "the Mistress," we cannot favourably speak; for the dreariness of the platitudes she has to utter was considerably enhanced by her delivery of them with all the measured dejection and voice-dropping with which certain pulpit-oratory has made us familiar. Miss Maria Harris played a young peasantess, *Franzl*, with much archness and pretty vivacity. The scenery by Messrs. O'Connor and Morris is excellent, and an appropriate arrangement of music of Tyrolese character, from the practised hand of Miss Virginia Gabriel, for the entrances and exits, added greatly to the effect of the play. We do not on the whole consider "*Sunnyvale Farm*" likely to add to the esteem in which Mosenthal is held by British audiences, or worthy (in its original state) of the trouble taken with it. It is somewhat startling to see a strong melodrama on the boards of the polished theatre of comedy.

7. NEW ADELPHI.

"*The Workmen of Paris*;" "*Doing Banting*."

A new drama entitled "*The Workmen of Paris*" was brought out on Wednesday, and met with a most successful reception. The night of representation being near our publication day, we defer a full notice of it till next week.

8. OLYMPIC.

"*The Girl I left behind me*;" "*Hidden Hand*;" "*My Wife's Bonnet*."

9. STRAND.

"*The Wilful Ward*;" "*Milky White*;" "*Mazeppa*."

10. ST. JAMES'S.

"*The Baronet Abroad; or, the Rustic Prima Donna*;" "*Sybilla*;" "*Woodcock's Little Game*."

11. ASTLEY'S.

"*The Double-bedded Room*;" "*Mazeppa*."

12. NEW ROYALTY.

"*The Demon Lover*;" "*Snowdrop*;" "*My Dress Boots*."

13. SADLER'S WELLS.

"*The Irish Emigrant*;" "*Don Giovanni*;" "*The Limerick Boy*."

14. MARYLEBONE.

"*Turpin's Ride to York*;" "*The Statue Lover*;" "*The Miller and his Men*."

15. SURREY.

"*The Orange Girl*;" "*Mandrin*."

16. BRITANNIA.

"*Upside Down*;" "*The Mother's Dying Child*."

17. VICTORIA.

A Ballet; "*Life in Lambeth*; "*The Blue Devils*."

18. PAVILION.

"*Mazeppa*;" "*Fight with Fate*."

19. GRECIAN.

"*Monte Christo*;" "*Little Red Riding Hood*;" "*The Phantom Captain*."

21. CITY OF LONDON.

"*Othello*;" "*The Wrongs of Twenty Years*."

20. STANDARD.

"*Ingomar*;" "*The Lady of Lyons*;" "*The Forty Thieves*."

Last week, owing to a pressure of other matter, we were compelled to leave over a notice we had prepared of this elegant Eastend theatre. The productions have been of a very pleasing description, and are so various as to satisfy the taste of playgoers. Bulwer Lytton's beautiful play, "*The Lady of Lyons*," the drama of "*Second to None*," and "*Ingomar*," formed last week's performance, concluding each evening with a very spirited burlesque entitled "*The Forty Thieves*," in which forty young ladies make their appearance. We cannot refrain from making a few remarks *en passant* on the ability displayed by Mr. T. H. Glenny, who seems thoroughly at home in the arduous characters assigned him, and who exhibited talent of a very high order, especially in his delineation of the character of *Ingomar*. We must not forget the *Parthenia* of Miss Edith Heraud in the same piece, which was a specimen of acting. She is a young lady of great ability, and an ornament to the stage. The *Polydore* of Mr. E. Dyas was also well executed; and, looking to the creditable manner with which each piece is placed upon the stage, we cannot but wish success to Mr. Douglass, who so laboriously and successfully caters for the amusement of the public. The bill this week has been little, if at all, altered.

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